

JOHANNA OF MONTFAUCON,

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

*collated
&
perfect.
J.E.H. 1802.*

IN FIVE ACTS.

TAKEN FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

First Edition.

THE ORIGINAL TRANSLATION OF

THE MANUSCRIPT

FROM WHICH MR. CUMBERLAND HAS FORMED HIS DRAMA, AS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By Maria Geisweiler.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ADALBERT of ESTAVAJEL, a Knight, and Lord of Granson, Belmont, &c. &c. &c.

JOHANNA of MONTFAUCON, his Consort.

OTTO, a Youth eight years old, their Son.

EGINHARD LASARRA, a Knight, and Lord of Monts.

DARBONNAY, a Knight, and Leader of a Band of hired Soldiers—Lasarra's Confederate.

WENSEL of MONTENACH, Castellan of Belmont Castle.

PHILIP, his Son, an Hostage at the Castle of Adalbert.

GUNTRAM, a rich Farmer near Granson.

HILDEGARD, supposed Daughter to Guntram.

HERMIT.

WOLF, an old trusty Servant of Adalbert.

ROMNALD, an upper Servant of Lasarra.

UTTO and RUPERT, Servants of Lasarra.

EBERHARD, REINHARD, ULRICH, ROBERT, and HERIBERT, Servants of Wensel, grey-headed old Men, old Women, Peasants, Shepherds, young Girls, Troopers, and Mountaineers.

The Scene is near the Welshnenenburger Sea, and the adjacent Country.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ALBERT of ESTARNA, a Knight, and Lord of
Grenson, Belmont, &c. &c.
JOHN of MONTAUCON, his Son,
a young knight, and Lord of Mont
REINHARD LASAR, a Knight, and Lord of
Barnonay, a Knight, and Leader of a Band of hired
Soldiers—Lasar's Captain.
WILFRED of MONTAUCON, Castellan of Belmont Castle.
HILDA, his Son, an Heir to the Castle of Alldert.
GUNTAM, a rich Farmer near Grenson.
REBECCA, supposed Daughter to Guntam.
HERMIT.
JOHN, an old lively Servant of Alldert.
MONTAUCON, an upper Servant of Lasar.
ALTO and RUBERT, Servants of Lasar.
REINHARD, REINHARD, OLIVER, ROBERT, and HIL
REBECCA, Servants of Wilfred, grey-headed old Men.
Old Housewife, Shepherd, young Girls, Peas-
ants, and Mountaineers.

The Scene is near the Hilsenhengung, and
the adjacent Country.

JOHANNA OF MONTFAUCON.

ACT I.

[*The inner court of the Castle of GRANSON, planted with fine old lime trees. A Balcony near the Apartment of JOHANNA: it is early in the morning.*]

SCENE I.

(*Old Grey-headed Men, and Old decrepid Women, Men, Women and Children, sitting under the trees; the Young Girls have baskets, from which they take field flowers, make nosegays and distribute them about. The Children sit in groups and bind garlands. LASARRA in a Pilgrim's dress, stands in the fore-ground in a corner, casting his eyes round about.*)

AN OLD GREY-HEADED MAN.

(*Beats against a tree with his staff, as the children become noisy.*)

BE silent, children, be silent! perhaps our noble lady is yet asleep.

A Shepherd.—I know better than that; for every morning when I pass by with my flock, and the sun appears at the window of heaven, then do I see our good lady Johanna at one of the windows in the castle.

B.

A young Girl.—She has often visited my sick mother before day-light.

An old Woman.—Aye, look'y there: she has set up whole nights with me!

Old Man.—That is very true, children, when she was well; but now she is ill.

Shepherd.—Be quiet! she is no longer ill.

Several.—No! no! she is not ill.

Shepherd.—The old mischief-maker only wanted to frighten us again.

A Girl.—We have lived in fear and sorrow long enough.

Shepherd.—His worship, our master, is gone into the forest again to day for the first time; and that he would not have done, were the good lady Johanna still ill.

A Girl.—Yet he had the dogs killed because they howled.

A Shepherd.—And the ravens frightened away from the old tower, because they croaked.

A Girl.—But have you not heard the hunting horn sound loud and merrily to day?

Old Man.—Yes, children, yes, she is getting better.

Shepherd.—Be quiet! she is well.

Most of them.—Yes, well! she shall and must be well.

Old Man.—Now, let us thank God for it.

Most of them.—With heart and soul.

Old Man.—Well, well, be quiet till our neighbour comes down again, he may perhaps have seen her.

Shepherd.—I wish to see her too. (*All*). And we too.

Old Man.—She is too weak yet.

Shepherd.—No more of that, she is no longer weak, I say. You always grin when we have a mind to cry, huzza!

Old Man.—You are a whimsical kind of man, do I love her less than you?

Lasarra (aside).—Loved by all.

Old Man.—I like to sit in the sun: but yet I would rather stand before her, for the presence of Johanna revives me as much as sunshine.

Lasarra (aside).—I stand only in the shade.

Some of them.—Ah! here comes our neighbour.

SCENE II.

(A reputable Peasant comes out of the Castle-gate; all flock around him.)

(All promiscuously.)

Old Man.—Well, neighbour, how is it?

Shepherd.—Have you seen her?

Old Woman.—And spoken?

Girl.—Is she quite well?

Peasant.—Silence! silence! she bid me greet you all kindly. *(All.)* Greet all kindly.

Old Man.—Yes, yes, she is always kind.

Shepherd.—Silence!

Peasant.—She permitted me to see her, and shook hands with me.

Shepherd.—Shook hands! neighbour, give me thy hand.

All.—And me! and me! (*all shake hands with the peasant.*)

Shepherd.—But was it the right?

Peasant.—Yes, yes, the right when I told her, why we had assembled here, and that we were come to wish her joy on her recovery; she cried.

A Girl.—She cried?

Old Man.—She was well pleased at our love.

Peasant.—She wished you to wait a little while longer, as she will come out upon the balcony. (*All huzza!*)

Lasarra (aside.)—Ha! thou shalt see her again.

SCENE III.

(*Enter PHILIP, with two Servants, who carry cups and flasks.*)

Philip.—God bless you, good people.

Old Man.—Thank thee, dear young squire.

All.—We all thank Master Philip.

Philip.—Our noble lady will presently appear; she has sent, in the meantime, something to refresh you.

Shepherd.—Aye, young squire! do you think we came here to drink?

Peasant.—Only to see our lady; to thank God, and be glad.

Old Man.—Listen, children! let us have the cups filled, and when the Lady Johanna appears; you understand me. (*All.*) Yes, yes.

Old Man.—Before that, let nobody drink a drop.

Shepherd.—That's right! take the cups in your hands and be ready. (*All take a cup, and look at the balcony with much anxiety.*)

Philip (to Lasarra.)—Pilgrim! do you wish for a draught?

Lasarra.—To the health of your mistress! (*Philip gives him a cup.*)

Old Man.—Silence, children! she comes.

Shepherd.—Hats off! hats off!

SCENE IV.

(*JOHANNA appears on the Balcony with OTTO.*)

Old Man.—To the health of our noble lady of Estavâgel.

All.—She shall live! (*All drink.*)

Lasarra (in a low voice.)—Johanna of Montfaucon! (*Drinks.*)

Old Man.—And now again, down on your knees, God has heard our prayers! let us return him humble thanks! (*All kneeling except Lasarra.*)

Johanna.—Yes, ye are all my children. I only live for my husband, son, and you.

Old Man.—Come down, if your health permits it, come among us, and gather new strength from our dutiful affection.

All.—Ah, mother! come down.

Johanna.—I come! (*She quits the balcony.*)

All (jump up in joy.)—She comes! she comes!

Lasarra (aside.)—As handsome as ever! my heart pants, be quiet! wilt thou burst my corselet? (Johanna steps with Otto out of the Castle gate.)

All (hasten to meet her.)—Here she is! (The children strew flowers before her, the girls hold garlands over her head; the rest present her with nosegays; each striving to be the first.)

Some of them.—God bless you. (Others.) For the sake of our noble Lord and master.

Lasarra (aside.)—Curse him.

Some others.—And to the joy of the dear young Squire.

Johanna (much moved.)—Thank you! thank you! how are ye all?

All.—Well! well! (The following speeches must be repeated quickly after each other, at times together; as those who speak alternately press forward to Johanna.)

A Girl.—My grandmother can already walk with crutches.

Old Man.—The eye-water has been of great service to my old eyes.

Peasant.—I have rebuilt my burned down barn, through the help of God, and your benevolence.

Old Woman.—The young trees from your nursery, are all in full blossom in my garden.

Johanna (who has attentively listened to every one.)—Good people! you give me a joyful morning, thanks to the Creator for the restoration of my health, and once more thanks to you for the affection you have shewn to me on this occasion; I shall soon again be able to come to your huts, to drink of your milk as before, and to share your

little cares and troubles; and in future shall always bring with me this youth, that he may likewise learn to exchange with you, affection and love. Otto give your hand to these good people. (*Otto does it.*)

The Men.—God bless the young Squire.

Philip (to Lasarra.)—Pilgrim! although you travel about a great deal, the like you seldom see.

Lasarra.—You are right; she is a most charming and noble hearted lady.

Johanna.—Now, my children, go to your work; next Sunday, when church is over, I will call and see you all.

Peasant.—To-day, my lady, I am sure our work will go on briskly.

Old Man.—Now that we have seen you well.

Shepherd.—We shall return home cheerfully.

All.—Good bye!

Johanna.—Good bye! (*All go off, except Lasarra and Johanna; Philip and the servants carry the cups and flasks back again; Otto goes with them.*)

SCENE V.

LASARRA—JOHANNA.

Johanna.—Pilgrim, from what country, and whither bound?

Lasarra.—A vow binds me to pilgrimage.

Johanna.—Will you rest yourself in this castle? You are welcome.

Lasarra.—No, good lady, I am sent hither by a young female friend of your's, with a message and greeting to you.

Johanna.—A female friend of mine!—Who?

Lasarra.—The Lady of Vergy.

Johanna (*much pleased.*)—Adelaide of Ryburg!

Lasarra.—The same. When I passed through Savoy, I rested a whole night at her castle; and when she learned that my tour would bring me near the banks of Welshneuenburg, she instantly remembered you with the warmth of a sister.

Johanna.—The good Adelaide!

Lasarra.—She complained of not having heard from you a long while.

Johanna.—A great distance separates us from each other.

Lasarra.—She made me promise, at my return, to call again to bring her an affectionate message, and a good account of you.

Johanna.

Johanna.—Tell my dear Adelaide that I am well and happy.

Lasarra.—Happy, also!

Johanna.—Happy is the wife, who in the circle of domestic peace endeavours with care to level unperceived a husband's path; here to root out thorns, and there to implant flowers. Tell my dear friend, I revere in my husband the most affectionate and best of men.

Lasarra.—Revere only?

Johanna.—And love him truly.

Lasarra.—Really?

Johanna.—That I press to my motherly bosom—a lovely boy!

Lasarra.—Oh, enough! She feared a report that had been circulated.

Johanna.—Of what?

Lasarra.—That compulsion had chained you to Adalbert of Estavajel.

Johanna.—A calumny!

Lasarra.—That Lasarra, at the same time with him, had contended for your hand.

Johanna.—That is true.

Lasarra.—That your heart had decided for him, but your father's will for the other.

Johanna.—That is untrue.

Lasarra.—That at a tournament at Neufchatel, you for the first time beheld Lasarra—admired—and from you he received his first thanks.

Johanna.—Well, yes.

Lasarra.—In words so kind and approving, that quickly raised a flame in his heart, and from which he entertained hopes.

Johanna.—Hopes?—Vain glory! One may admire the man who is master of the lance; yet

a loving heart is not the prize for a victor at a tournament.

*Lasarra (who can hardly keep his temper.)—*Dear Lady! your words are daggers.

*Johanna (cheerfully.)—*Which wound not mortally. Since that day I have not again beheld Lasarra, and could almost assert that I had never seen him, for his hardly opened visor concealed from my view the traces of his countenance, and yet this stranger contended for me!

Lasarra.—Thus spake your friend the Lady of Vergy, and that hence arose the long and sanguinary conflict between him and Estavajel.

Johanna.—Alas, it was so! Yet one year is already elapsed since love and peace have dwelt in this castle.

Lasarra.—And Lasarra?

Johanna.—Was subdued.

Lasarra.—Do you think so?

Johanna.—He now languishes under the cure of the wounds inflicted by the sword of my husband.

*Lasarra (with a sneering smile.)—*Does he that?—Aye, aye, a year and a day heal many a wound.

*Johanna (a little surprized.)—*What can you mean by that?

*Lasarra (quickly recovers himself.)—*Oh, I anticipate the joy of the reception I shall meet with from your friend, in bringing her glad tidings at my return.

Johanna.—Tell her, that not even the Alps shall separate my heart from her's so dear to me. Tell her, that I always wear the golden chain

about my neck, which she gave me on the morning of our parting.

Lasarra.—Then fare you well, noble lady.

Johanna.—Farewell!

Lasarra.—Permit me to kiss your hand.

Johanna (*as she gives her hand.*)—Peace be with you!

Lasarra.—Peace! Yes, peace be unto me hereafter from this hand. [Exit.]

Johanna (*looks after him.*)—What is that? Could his words have any meaning? The voice was not quite strange to me, neither the manner—like a coal glowing in the cinders—an obscure and fleeting remembrance waves before my mind—(*Hunting horns are heard at a distance.*)

SCENE VI.

OTTO, soon after ADALBERT and PHILIP.

Otto.—Father is coming.

Johanna.—I will hasten to meet him. He thinks me still in my sick room. I will steal upon him, hold his stirrup, and when he scolds the awkward lad, I will sink smiling into his arms.—Oh, love! love! dark is the web of our days without thee, even as the pall on a coffin! But each clear thread which thou interweavest gives light and life, and it becomes a wedding garment. Oh, sacred gift of nature!—Come, my son—(*Takes Otto by the hand, and hastens to meet Adalbert.*)

Adalbert (*at that instant enters.*)—*Johanna* here!

Johanna.—The joy of thy subjects drew me down stairs, and the evaporating perfume of the lime-trees was so refreshing.

Adalbert.—But the cool air of morning.

Johanna.—(*puts Adalbert's hand to her heart.*)—Here it is warm.

Adalbert.—Might be hurtful to thee.

Johanna.—Do not chide, I am so happy.

Adalbert (*mildly reproaching.*)—Thou hast deprived me of a pleasure.

Johanna.—How! In what manner?

Adalbert.—Of leading a patient whom we love for the first time into the open air, to solemnize with thankfulness each reviving breath, are moments that requite us for days of sorrow and nights of ease, that turns grief of heart into joy and gladness—(*Presses her with tenderness to his bosom.*)

Otto.—Father! Have you killed any thing?

Adalbert.—A wolf, my boy.

Otto.—A wolf! Oh, I must see it.—Come, Philip, shew it to me. [*Exit with Philip.*

SCENE VII.

ADALBERT—JOHANNA.

Johanna (who, in an affectionate manner, draws her hand across his forehead.)—Dear Adalbert! I still perceive the gloomy cloud that covers my serene heaven.

Adalbert.—Seek it not.

Johanna.—Has the cheerful sport of hunting neither given thee spirits, nor dispersed the sadness of mind that for these three days past has hovered over you?

Adalbert.—Oh!

Johanna.—That sigh answers, No.

Adalbert.—No.

Johanna.—Then permit me, for the first time, to use the lawful privilege of a faithful wife, who supplicates to become a sharer in her husband's deep affliction.

Adalbert.—Thou art as yet bent down by bodily weakness, and wouldst thou also oppress thy soul?

Johanna.—Not I, love bears the burden; real love fears no oppression.

Adalbert.—Well then, confidence is a debt that a husband can only pay off to a wife with his last breath.

Johanna.—It has been always so between us.

Adalbert.—And so it shall remain. Dost thou know, Johanna, how, and in what manner, my father gained the estate of Granson twenty years ago, besides many other castles and villages?

Johanna.—I was then a child—have often heard the story, yet it appears to me now only as a dream.

Adalbert.—Amadaus, the seventh Count of Savoy, died suddenly in the chace.

Johanna.—True, it was reported he had been poisoned.

Adalbert.—The old Baron of Granson was accused of the deed.

Johanna.—By your father.

Adalbert.—From an old grudge.

Johanna.—Know you wherefore?

Adalbert.—Presently you shall know all.—God's judgment commanded it to be decided by single combat. Granson was ill and infirm—in his stead appeared on the ground his brave son.

Johanna.—And was slain.

Adalbert (with a deep sigh.)—Yes.

Johanna.—The estates of the offender were promised to the vanquisher.

Adalbert.—Offender!—No offender!

Johanna.—No!

Adalbert.—Three days ago died our neighbour, the old Baron of Thurn, at Gestelenberg. Tortured by remorse of conscience, he sent for me in his last moments, and while under the agony of death, disclosed to me in confidence that the accusation had been false.

Johanna.—Knew he then of the affair?

Adalbert.—He was my father's bosom friend, and his second at the combat.

Johanna.—Even that is no affliction.

Adalbert.—The possession of that which is not my right, is a heavy burden to my conscience.

Johanna.—Restore them to the rightful heir.

Adalbert.—To whom?

Johanna.—Is Granson dead?

Adalbert.—Surely. He was turned out, ill as he was, his property seized, covered with shame and vexation, he fled—Oppressed thus, and with age and poverty, surely—ah, surely he is dead!

Johanna.—And no offspring remaining?

Adalbert.—The son fell by my father's sword; one daughter, a child, only remained, which he took with him.

Johanna.—She lives, perhaps.

Adalbert.—Oh! could I discover any trace of her.

Johanna.—Perhaps! Let us endeavour to get information—let us hope.

Adalbert.—And wouldst thou, amiable Johanna, restore every thing cheerfully?

Johanna.—Can my Adalbert ask that?

Adalbert.—Have you forgotten, that then the only part remaining for me would be my family estate, Estavajel?

Johanna.—Your estate only? Unkind man! have you not remaining a sincere and faithful wife, a lovely hopeful child? and the consolation of a noble deed? Don't we retain, for enjoyment, cheerful and unburdened hearts? Bread enough to assist the poor? The purchase of comfort and happiness for a good husband requires but little the consideration of a wife who loves him. When you step with a serene countenance into my chamber, the very walls will be embellished; and when on your arm I traverse the fields and forests, to me it differs little whether miles or steps, are the boundaries of our possessions. I have only thee—thou art property—

through love, honourably acquired! and therefore, as yet, remains for me one strong castle—domestic peace! as yet, smiles on me one delightful territory. Thy tender affection, as yet, adorns me, one costly jewel—my beloved child.

Adalbert.—Dost thou think so? Oh! daughter of Granson, appear this very day! My palaces thou mayest take—my real wealth death only can take from me. (*With affection presses her to his bosom.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter OTTO and PHILIP.

Otto (*sorrowfully.*)—Father! here is Philip will go.

Philip (*with a heavy heart.*)—It was your pleasure, honoured Sir.

Adalbert.—Yes, Philip; for your father's sincerity you have been bail to me a twelvemonth. I now want no other hostage but your heart, and that remains here; does it not?

Philip.—For life am I indebted to my father; for virtue, I am indebted to you; and here my heart remains.

Adalbert.—Then go in peace, and greet your father.

Philip.—You have wholly forgiven him.

Adalbert.—I never forgive by halves.

Philip.—Your greatness of mind has also buried in oblivion that he was once in alliance with Lasarra.

Adalbert.—What I forgive I also forget.

Philip.—And your confidence in future.

Adalbert.—That you have.

Philip (mournfully.)—Not my father?

Adalbert. Good Philip! Your dismissal to-day you attribute to my generosity—the motives are prudence and self-interest. In you I have gained a friend, whom I send to my friend for observance. Here, as hostage, you can be of no further use to me; there, as friend, the guardian of my tranquillity.

Philip.—That I will be.

Adalbert.—Then farewell!

Johanna.—Come often to see us.

Philip.—Fare ye well! Ye have never treated me as the son of your enemy: I thank ye! Ye have, by morality and good example, planted virtue in my heart: I thank ye! My father's false step ye have never mentioned in presence of his son; for this delicate forbearance, receive my most grateful thanks; and you, good and noble lady, who have acted so kind and sisterly toward a poor youth—why should I stifle tears, which from contemplating the pure virtue of your noble soul, are drawn from my eyes: permit me to kiss your motherly hand, that often with solicitous tenderness, from the love of mankind, has drawn a veil over my grief and sorrow—(*Presses her hands to his lips.*)

Johanna.—Farewell, good Philip! and let me often welcome you at Granson.

Philip.—Oh! you are so rich, so powerful, I dare never hope to repay your kindness.

Adalbert.—The condition of man often quickly changes, who knows.

Philip.—Oh! may God prevent it! Yet were it so, depend on me in need and death.

Adalbert (gives his hand.)—In need and death.

Philip (lifts up Otto, and kisses him.)—Farewell, young squire.

Otto.—As you are going, Philip, who will sharpen my arrows for me? and who will fly my kite?

Philip.—I hope that one day or other I shall be able to do more for you. (*He wipes his tears, and then inclines to kiss Estavajel's hand.*)

Adalbert.—To my heart (*Embraces him. Philip hurries away.*)

Otto (runs after him.)—Philip, I will see you as far as the bridge.

Adalbert (looking after him.)—Worthy youth! Observe, Johanna! There have I laid up a store.

Johanna.—Ingenious usurer! of which your heart has already drawn the interest.

Adalbert.—Yes, in the bosom of a friend, lay up treasure for old age; then may thy hut be in flames, his cloak will cover thee, his heart will warm thee.

SCENE IX.

Enter WOLF, and a Gamekeeper, leading ROMNOLD bound.

Wolf.—Worshipful Knight! This man we seized in the forest.

Adalbert.—Why?

Wolf.—Because he wears Lasarra's uniform.

Adalbert.—Am I at variance with Lasarra?

Wolf.—For some days past this idle fellow has been observed sneaking about the castle, sometimes concealing himself in the thick woods, at others among the cliffs: it looks suspicious.

Adalbert (to Romnald.)—Do you hear that?

Romnald.—Old Farmer Guntram, who lives yonder near the sea, is my uncle. I am come hither to see him.

Wolf.—Guntram is an old fox, whom we trust no more than you.

Romnald.—Why do you reproach us? In what have we offended?

Adalbert.—Be quiet, Wolf.

Wolf.—Worshipful master! Long since I have borne in mind how old Guntram encroached upon your father, and cheated him, God knows how, of one piece of land after another, besides carrying on many wrongful proceedings.

Adalbert.—Shall the son then banish the man whom the father patronized and protected?

Wolf.—If he does not in the end banish you; for the whole neighbourhood thinks and speaks ill of him.

Adalbert.—Those are not always bad people of whom the neighbourhood speaks ill.

Wolf.—Even squire Philip, who pays court to his lovely daughter—

Adalbert.—Wolf! I hate intermeddling.

Wolf.—Guntram carries on smuggling—harbours rogues and vagabonds.

Romnald.—Do you mean me!

Wolf.—You!

Adalbert.—Be silent. How long has it been the custom in my castle to abuse a man in fetters? Unchain him directly.

Wolf (*does it with stifled rage.*)—For my part.—But hark ye! If ever I should meet you again in our forest, have a care of my cross bow.

Adalbert (*to Romnald.*)—Are you in the service of Lasarra?

Romnald.—I am.

Adalbert.—Where is your master?

Romnald.—That I don't know; I am on furlough.

Wolf.—How many of you are on furlough?

Romnald.—Have you a right to ask me?

Wolf.—Damnation. Honoured master, I pray you trust him not; he has javelin companions, who carry within their shields wicked designs against you.

Adalbert.—Fye, Wolf! Were you not present when Lasarra handed to me the cup of reconciliation?

Wolf.—Where grows the wine that can wash away an old grudge from the heart?

Adalbert.—Enough. Lasarra is a knight: between him and me is peace. An honourable cartel was announced to me by his herald.—Lurking knaves I know not—*(to Romnald)*—Go, thou art free. *[Exit Romnald.]*

Wolf (concealing his anger.)—Noble master, grant old Wolf leave once more to speak to you?

Adalbert.—With all my heart.

Wolf.—When you were but thus high, I have often called out to you—Don't fall, Squire! Now, if it were allowed, I should like to repeat the same.

Adalbert.—You mean it well.

Wolf.—And you also, of that I am convinced; but those who mean ill, take advantage of this confidence and generosity. Yes, they are pretty flowerets; but before you plant them in strange ground, examine first the soil: they don't thrive every where. Singular! that when some foreign fruit-trees were sent you from Italy, you looked round about for sometime, to find a proper spot that would best suit their growth; but the seed of your confidence you throw promiscuously into every heart.—You smile! Well, God grant that no poisonous mushrooms may spring up from it! Old Wolf has eased his conscience. *[Exit.]*

SCENE X.

ADALBERT.—JOHANNA.

Adalbert (smiling.)—Honest old boy! when people grow in years, they do not move a step without measuring the ground.

Johanna.—A sure way to prevent their falling.

Adalbert.—It is better to fall than to use suspicions for a crutch, so pleasing is it to believe all mankind good. Hoary age alone, and rogues, look through suspicious glasses.

Johanna.—You mistake: even the unfortunate, the wronged, Wolf's doubtful speech—

Adalbert.—Gives you uneasiness.

Johanna.—It does; if Lasarra actually—

Adalbert.—No, no; and were it even so, can he hurt me? Is his power equal to mine?

Johanna.—Dear Adalbert, you are too confident; you live as if no club law existed in the world. How often have our drawbridges remained down whole nights, while our guards were slumbering.

Adalbert.—My heart is open to every man, why should not my castle?

Johanna.—But if treachery.

Adalbert.—Am I then a bad master? Where I bestow love, there I expect sincerity; yet should the worst come to the worst, of what can Lasarra rob me? The Granson estate? Oh! its possession gives me but too much uneasiness

—the love of my Johanna? That rock on which my fortune rests no waves can ever move.

Johanna.—Not, if I were to fall into his power by perfidy?

Adalbert.—Not even then, because I know what thou wouldst do.

Johanna.—WeH!

Adalbert.—Johanna of Montfaucon would know how to die.

Jonanna (embraces him.)—Yes, thou knowest me,

Adalbert.—I do, and therefore rest undisturbed.

Johanna.—Oh! may the whole world forget us, and this castle become an island, surrounded by dangerous cliffs, and a sea unfathomable, and may we be shunned as departed spirits! We are here so happy! But silent! silent! whisper it not even to the ear of thy best friend, for undisturbed happiness is a possession envied by those who know it not; it arms against thee vanity of many, who would be better than we. Sentiment is called enthusiasm, longing for trifles they envy and ridicule; therefore silent, silent, dear Adalbert, let secrecy be our banner, let us conceal this happiness in our hearts, and from no open avowal attract envy towards us.—But softly, softly, gather love for love from these faithful lips —(*She embraces him.*)

Adalbert (calls out in ecstasy of joy.)—Johanna!—
[*Both arm in arm, Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

(*GUNTRAM's Farm in the back ground, bounded by the Welshnenenburger Sea; to the left, the entrance to the dwellings; to the right, an arm of the sea runs towards them in a serpentine manner; a high wall, which ends in the scenery, and is hid in places by thick bushes; towards the left, in the foreground, a grotto.*)

Hildegard (alone, sitting upon a stone near the sea, angling, pulling up the rod several times in vain.)—Nothing, nothing again. I am to-day so impatient—shall catch nothing.—Stop, something is stirring—(She pulls up the rod)—Ah, no! the worm is eaten away—an unlucky day! I catch nothing, and neither does Philip come.—Ah! I am a poor girl—he is of noble extraction. Were he a farmer's son, he would have been here long ago.

SCENE XII.

PHILIP—HILDEGARD.

(*Philip, who in climbing over the wall had listened to her, approaches softly behind her, and embraces her.*)

Hildegard (startled.)—Ah!—(looking round).
—Philip!

Philip.—Thou didst me wrong.

Hildegard.—I acknowledge it with pleasure.
—Oh, may I be wrong when I think ill of thee.
—But why so late to-day? The sun stands far over the mountains.

Philip.—Our knight is just now returned from hunting—then—(hesitating)—I took leave of this valiant man.

Hildegard.—Ah! and now of me.

Philip.—Be not grieved—Belmont lays near—and my heart still nearer. When on a serene evening you behold yon glistening cliffs—Then will you at a distance also see the watch-tower of Belmont.

Hildegard.—What care I for the tower?

Philip.—I shall stand on it, and think of thee—When the sun-sets bright as a mirror over the sea.—I shall also come to see thee often—Shall take my cross-bow in pursuit of game—and leaving the keepers in the forest—and my father listening to the sound of the horns—shall ride swiftly to Granson.

Hildegard.—Ah! but I shall not know of your coming—it is seldom only that I am allowed to be here near the sea; you will seek me, but in your heart only will you find me; in such a manner weeks and months may pass on, our sighs only can meet. Oh, Philip! had you remained here.

Philip.—Be of good cheer, soon shall we meet to part no more; daily will I importune my father.

Hildegard.—Your father! Know you the knight's pride, can you alter it? I a poor girl, without a title—you a Montenach.

Philip.—Oh! were only thy father; pardon the harsh expression; were he possessed of the title of an honest man—

Hildegard.—Do not name it.

Philip.—Were he not suspected of so many ambiguous actions—

Hildegard.—I entreat thee, speak not!

Philip.—Who are those strangers, who so often at midnight resort to your father's house, and depart again before day-break?

Hildegard.—I know them not.

Philip.—What do they bring? or what do they fetch?

Hildegard.—I am at that time locked up in my chamber.

Philip.—Oh, Hildegard! I know my father; wert thou a herd's-maiden, my entreaties might soften him—but Guntram's daughter—

Hildegard.—I pray thee spare her ear.

Philip.—Guntram knows my honourable intentions, why then does he refuse me admittance? Why must I always like a thief climb over the wall?

Hildegard.—Because he thinks you could never lead his daughter, as a bride, to the altar.

Philip.—Is that his reason? Ah, I know it better.

Hildegard.—Did you come hither to speak against my father? then leave me.

Philip.—Enough; let us endure, hope, and trust; pray for our luck; I shall entreat; now farewell!

Hildegard.—When do I see you again?

Philip.—Perhaps to-morrow.

Hildegard.—Perhaps only?

Philip.—Love gives way to duty.

Hildegard.—Oh, when shall I dare to say, your love to me is duty?

Philip.—Never! real love admits not of duty.

Hildegard.—Will you always think so?

Philip.—Always feel so.

Hildegard.—When I grow old?

Philip.—Love never grows old.

Hildegard.—Or ugly?

Philip.—Your eyes retain the impression of your soul.

Hildegard.—My poverty.

Philip.—Your heart is rich!

Hildegard.—My low birth.

Philip.—Your virtue exalts you.

Hildegard.—Years pass away.

Philip.—Virtue is eternal!

Hildegard.—Love flatters.

Philip.—Friendship takes deep root.

Hildegard.—They wither.

Philip.—These overshadow old age! Away

with each doubt! true till death! (*holds out his hand to her.*) Were these walls in flames, or shattered by an earthquake, I would spring over them as easy and as courageously as now, and carry you through the flames to the altar. Farewell!

Hildegard.—Farewell! (*Philip springs over the wall.*)

Hildegard (*mounts a hill near the sea, and stands on tip-toe to look after him.*)—I see nothing; I hope he got safe over. Yes, yes, there waves his feathered hat. God guard you; God, and the angel of our love. (*Looking on the other side.*) My father! lucky that Philip went. (*Hastens down.*)

SCENE XIII.

GUNTRAM—DARBONNAY—HILDEGARD.

Guntram (*to Hildegard.*)—What do you here?

Hildegard.—I have been angling, but have caught nothing.

Darboonnay.—Angle hearts, dear girl, you will have better success.

Guntram.—Away to your chamber!

(*Exit Hildegard.*)

Darboonnay.—You preserve there a treasure.

Guntram.—Which is difficult to guard.

Darboonnay.—Appoint me to be its watcher.

Guntram (*frolicsome.*)—You! who knows.

Darboonnay.—You are in jest.

Guntram.—Time brings roses, says the proverb; and more than roses, say I. You are a brave knight, but as yet, lances and swords are your only riches.

Darboonnay.—Do you mean to sell your daughter?

Guntram.—What I intend to do with her, requires time and consideration; in the meanwhile, there may be many turnings; what is now highest, may be lowest, and the lowest, highest; there is for every thing in life a proper moment, which no one should neglect, and then is the time to surmount all difficulties.

Darboonnay.—Old quick-sighted man!

Guntram.—And he, who in a few hours would storm a well fortified castle, should not talk of pretty girls. You understand me, knight.

Darboonnay.—Assign her to me as a reward, and you shall soon see wonders.

Guntram.—The reward Lasarra pays.

Darboonnay.—That designer; he fights with foreign strength, and pays with foreign booty.

Guntram.—Between ourselves, I do but half trust him.

Darboonnay.—Nor I, at all. Many of his proceedings have given me suspicion; friend he is not. Master he will be; he loves but one, that is himself—we must gather, he enjoys; the remains he most graciously throws before us.

Guntram.—To me, he has made great promises.

Darboonnay.—Also to me; but will he keep his word? The soldiers I raised in Italy begin to murmur.

Guntram.—Should he not be true to his word?

So much the better! then all would be as I could wish.

Darboonnay.—Could wish?

Guntram.—Believe me, honoured knight, self-conceit carries its own rod at its back: the meaning of the words you must not ask at present; but should Lasarra reward my artifice, and your bravery with ingratitude, then come to me, and woe be to him. You are the man I want, and no one can reward you better than poor old Guntram.

Darboonnay.—Conjuror! canst thou that! then why delay?

Guntram.—Because it suits my plan, that Estavajel should die, and the Granson estate fall by guilt into Lasarra's hands; this booty then would I rescue from that robber, and any one in this would assist with pleasure—assist, or keep quiet.

Darboonnay.—Do you keep quiet now, for I see Lasarra coming.

SCENE XIV.

Enter LASARRA.

Lasarra (hastening on the stage.)—I have seen her! conversed with her! love and vengeance strike clear flames! Oh, she is as handsome as at the time I received her thanks at the Tournament. Come on, Darboonnay—arm your soldiers—hasten, sun, finish thy course—midnight draw nearer—conceal thy stars! attend, cold,

and dark. Here! (*pointing to his heart*) boils hot love! and there (*pointing towards the castle*) rage waves the torches! Away, I do not know myself—away with this pilgrim's cowl! My sword! my sword! (*Hasten off.*)

Darboonnay (*looking into the grotto, calls out.*)—
Up from below! hither! It is time! (*A number of men in armour, with their swords drawn, come out from the grotto, and follow Darboonnay. While this tumult continues the curtain drops.*)

SCENE I.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

JOHANNA (*comes out of the middle door—she listens, then stops, listens again! and as the noise seems to draw nearer, escapes by sight through a side-door on the right; meanwhile the fighting is heard to have taken its course more towards the right.*) JOHANNA (*turning, casting her hands, and glances into a side door on the left; the noise diminishes by degrees.*)

SCENE II.

DARBOUNNAY.

(*With his sword drawn from the side-door on the right.*) It is enough! (*He calls back.*) Remove the wounded! and bind the prisoners. (*He goes.*)

aloud (pointing to his heart) Here! Here! Here! Love! Love! Love! and there (pointing towards the castle) waves the torches! Away! I do not know—away with this pilgrim's cowl! My sword! my sword!

ACT II.

[*An Armory in the Castle with several doors—It is night—A lamp which gives but sparing light, is burning—A confused noise with clashing of arms is heard at a distance—During the first dumb Scene, a rustling of music in the Orchestra*]

SCENE I.

(*JOHANNA with anguish and fright, chased, comes out of the middle door—She listens, flies, stops, listens again! and as the noise seems to draw nearer, escapes by flight through a side-door on the right; meanwhile the fighting is heard to have taken its course more towards the right. JOHANNA returns, wringing her hands, and starts into a side door on the left; the noise diminishes by degrees.*)

SCENE II.

DARBONNAY.

(*With his sword drawn, from the side-door on the right.*)

It is enough! (*He calls backwards*) Remove the wounded! and bind the prisoners. (*Puts up*

his sword.) An easy victory. Night and sleep were our allies—to urge farther requires no sword. Yonder dwell women; the tongue can do the service.

SCENE III.

(Enter LASARRA with his sword drawn—

DARBONNAY.)

Lasarra.—It is done!

Darbonnay.—I greet thee, Lasarra, master of Granson.

Lasarra.—Speak! has the daring scheme fully succeeded?

Darbonnay.—Put up thy sword; thou wilt have to combat only with the sighs of the wounded.

Lasarra.—Where is Johanna?

Darbonnay.—She is probably fled into the inner apartments of the castle.

Lasarra.—Where? Where?

Darbonnay.—Give her time, there, before the looking-glass, to invent and produce an artifice to besiege the conqueror's heart.

Lasarra.—Ah! it is already conquered—and her son? *(Dolefully)* Not my son!

Darbonnay.—An old servant thought to save him, and had already, with the youth upon his arm, got into the castle court; at that moment a cresset flew in the air; my Ulto seized the opportunity, marked his bird, and brought the old one down to the ground with an arrow; the child threw itself upon the corpse, there I had it bound with the brittle band, become more flexible from the old man's blood.

Lasarra.—And the hated father?

Darboonnay.—Desperation gave him strength; he fought through.

Lasarra.—Estavajel escaped?

Darboonnay.—To ~~moisten~~ the wrecks of his estate first with tears, afterwards with blood; escape he cannot, for on each road lurk spies; a high price set upon his head will keep them watchful—ere dusk of night, he is in thy power.

Lasarra.—And dead, ere midnight hears his lamentations.

Darboonnay.—If I am not mistaken, he will seek for protection at his castle of Belmont. Yet, old Montenach is on our side; the troopers which I sent, bring good news. Old Montenach's craftiness, quickly summed up your good fortune; and when he found which way the scale turned, then—

Lasarra.—Dare I trust this traitor?

Darboonnay.—Even a rogue is true, as long as interest binds him.

Lasarra.—At last, at last I have gamed my aim! my foot upon the neck of Estavajel, his wife in my arms!

Darboonnay.—You see I have done more than I promised; you had only hired the arm, and I gave also the head.

Lasarra.—I thank you.

Darboonnay.—Now Lasarra, let us divide the spoils.

Lasarra.—Of that another time.

Darboonnay.—But soon?

Lasarra (abruptly).—Yes, yes!

Darboonnay.—Take notice, Lasarra, I should not like to sneak about like a cat that has burned

her paw in the kitchen, while you consume the booty.

Lasarra (displeased).—Who speaks of that? who thinks of it? There is still much to be done before hand.

Darboonnay.—And what?

Lasarra.—The boy must die.

Darboonnay.—To-day?

Lasarra.—Even in this hour! fear, love, vengeance; the time present and the future demand the sacrifice.

Darboonnay (draws his sword).—My sword, however blunted by the blood of the enemy, is yet sharp enough for the boy's breast. *(Going.)*

Lasarra.—Halt! lead him here, that I may see him first. *(Darboonnay goes off.)* The father's traces shall inflame me with new rage! then will I offer to the mother the bloody hand which once her foolish heart scornfully rejected.

SCENE IV.

Enter DARBONNAY, with OTTO, bound.

Lasarra.—Welcome, handsome boy!

Otto.—Who are you? I do not know you.

Darboonnay.—Make a bow to the knight.

Otto.—A knight! where?

Darboonnay (pointing to Lasarra).—Are you blind with fear?

Otto.—This! no! I once did ask my father what a knight was? “A man who protects the

helpless," was his answer; this man has bound me, he is no knight.

Lasarra.—Boy!

Otto.—Not boy! Otto of Estavajel. Heir of Granson.

Darbonnay.—Tremble!

Otto.—The righteous never tremble, my father says.

Lasarra (scornfully.)—They have instructed you early in heroic parts.

Otto.—My father's example. Near thee I should soon forget them.

Lasarra.—Boy! tremble for the rod.

Otto.—You have not spoken truth; a rod for a slave, a dagger for me.

Lasarra.—To spear butterflies.

Otto.—I don't like you, you torment defenceless beings.

Lasarra.—Hiss on little serpent! I'll take care you shall never learn to sting.

Otto.—You frighten me.

Darbonnay.—Can you endure the insolence much longer?

Lasarra.—Cut him down.

Otto (falls on his knees, and covers with both hands his face.)—Gracious God! take me, and be merciful! (*Darbonnay draws his sword.*)

Lasarra.—Hold!—I perceive a possibility that his life may be of use to me, if I respite it for a short time: conceal the boy; I'll seek meanwhile his mother,

Otto (jumps up.)—My mother? Where is she?

Darbonnay.—Come along, boy!

Otto.—On her bosom I used every evening to go to sleep. If I must die, let me die on her bosom!—(*Darboonnay drags him away.*)

SCENE V.

Lasarra (*alone.*)—Revenge and hatred sated! Love! love! I now belong to thee alone!—(*Wants to go to Johanna, and finds the door locked.*)—Locked! For why? I have climbed o'er walls, have fought through the hostile ranks to gain my point; to burst open a door is more easily effected!—Has the fair lady not thought of that? or is it vanity that prompts her not to admit the conqueror without supplication? Well, then!—(*Goes up to the door, and calls.*)—Johanna of Montfaucon!—fair, noble lady! Lasarra wishes to do homage to your charms; it is Lasarra entreats where he dares demand.—No answer?—Johanna of Montfaucon! consider well what you are doing, and what you risk; tempt not the conqueror's rage—No answer? What contempt! what indignity!—(*leaves the door.*)—Is she ill? fainting? or does she mock me? I will see her, were her bolts forged by the flames of hell!—(*He goes towards the door in furious haste, and with his foot bursts it open.*)

SCENE VI.

JOHANNA—LASARRA.

Johanna—(meets him with a dagger in her hand. Lasarra starts back.)—What do you want of me?

Lasarra.—Fair lady! why is your hand thus furnished with the fatal instrument of death? Your eyes strike wounds more keen than this dagger.

Johanna.—Spare your affronts! Torment me not thus! You are intolerable to me!

Lasarra.—Are the smiles of love offending?

Johanna.—Profane not with your lips a feeling your heart never knew.

Lasarra.—Have you forgotten, that for nine years past your image has possessed my heart?

Johanna.—Oh, yes! I have forgotten it; now and then only, when indisposed and tortured by horrible dreams, does your figure appear before me.

Lasarra.—Have I deserved on your account to be thus insulted?

Johanna.—Oh! may you be rewarded as your crime deserves.

Lasarra.—I have ventured my life to possess you.

Johanna.—More than that; you have ventured your salvation, and have lost it.

Lasarra.—In your arms I shall recover it.

Johanna (whips out the dagger.)—Death, if you venture to approach me.

Lasarra (with wrath.)—*Johanna*! Be cautious!

Johanna.—Right, tiger! Throw off the mask! to conceal its claws will never succeed.

Lasarra.—You defy me, relying on the power of your beauty.

Johanna.—By no means, this small piece of iron in my hand makes me mistress of my fate—plunged by the hand into the breast, and my honour is preserved.

Lasarra (frightened.)—*Johanna*!

Johanna.—Know you the genealogy of Montfaucon? Bravery and virtue have been their charter for many centuries. Know you also, that I am the last descendant? In the holy war against the Saracens, under the banners of the Prince of Burgundy, fell my father. He completed the long list of those brave men whose names are mentioned in history with awful veneration; and can you think that I should end the long succession of female virtue by a life of infamy?—No, no! may even now the name of Montfaucon expire! yet, that of me the annals may report—She was the last of her lineage!—She fell not unworthy of her brave ancestors.

Lasarra.—Is the pedigree of Lasarra, then, not as brave and noble as thine?

Johanna.—It had been, till you assumed the name.

Lasarra.—Reflect! Consider of the future! Take your choice.

Johanna.—Reflect! Choose! between shame and death?

Lasarra.—Between love and death! You are invoked by love! Remain what you were, the adored *Johanna*! at whose feet the conqueror offers his laurels.

Johanna.—Forbear!

Lasarra.—Listen to reason: here you are queen, there you follow a banished husband.

Johanna.—My Adalbert! Oh, yes, that I will! Let me follow him, and I will praise your greatness of mind.

Lasarra.—Would you share want and danger with him?

Johanna.—Most willingly.

Lasarra.—Climb over cliffs, wander through impassable forests?

Johanna.—Through flames and waves.

Lasarra.—Scarcely recovered, brave the tempest? Perhaps should illness befall thee, seek refuge in a shepherd's cottage?

Johanna.—All! all! You little know what a wife that loves is able to endure! A lioness is strong, a wife that loves sincerely is stronger. My country is that whither he leads me! My palace the hut that he inhabits! Dry leaves, spread with his hands for me, are esteemed as roses; the wild fruit of the trees, a costly meal; the water from the spring, a refreshing cordial! In his arms is tranquillity, in his countenance happiness, on his bosom eternal bliss!—Oh! you do not understand me! my heart, my heart has no language!—True love God created speechless, for true love should only be conceived! Let me then go to my husband! I will bless you, bless and forgive you!—Order the gates to be thrown open for me. Which way did he take? Whither did he fly?—But all alike! I will call! he will hear my voice; the hills are double, the stillness of the woods will carry it to his ears—Adalbert! Adalbert!

Lasarra (*Aside.*)—Damnation!—(*Loud.*)—force me, fair lady, to inform you of an event which as yet I have concealed.

Johanna.—What care I for your informations !
My husband !—my son !—only these—What care
I for the world.

Lasarra.—Even your husband ; you imagine
he is escaped ?

Johanna.—Has not my maid Matilda seen him
on the bridge by the light of the torches ? been
witness that two of your men fell by his sword ;
and that he then withdrew himself from the rest
of his persecutors ?

Lasarra.—Very true, but his wounds—

Johanna.—Was he wounded ?

Lasarra.—Robbed him of his strength,

Johanna.—Let me go,

Lasarra.—My troopers !

Johanna.—Brought him back ?

Lasarra.—Would bind him—

Johanna.—Fye !

Lasarra.—He resisted—his rashness—

Johanna.—Call it rather heroic spirit !

Lasarra.—Single, wounded, conquer he could
not—only enrage—

Johanna.—Go on !

Lasarra.—And with blind fury one of my men
plunged his sword into his heart.

Johanna (*staggering, and with a horrible tone
of voice.*)—Dead !

Lasarra (*shrugs up his shoulders.*)—Dead.

Johanna (*stifted by grief and rage.*)—Venge-
ance !—(*she staggers a few steps with the dagger
held up, to pierce it through Lasarra ; he keeps
out of her way ; she is too weak to pursue him, and
sinks swooning against a pillar, then to the ground*)
—Dead !

Lasarra.—A fortunate moment! away with this murderous weapon!—(*He extricates the dagger from her, and puts it on his side*)—For this charming bosom it was not made—(*Looks at her with admiration*)—How handsome! even upon these pale lips reigns love—(*he bends over her*)—Revive! recover your mind!—Lasarra entreats—not the impetuous conqueror—the friend—the vanquisher of the timorous!

Johanna (*revives, without perceiving Lasarra at first.*)—Where am I?—(*Recollects, and with a doleful cry*)—Ah!—(*anxiously seeking*)—Where is my dagger?

Lasarra.—I honour the affliction of a wife; yet to prevent her falling into despair, love and humanity command—

Johanna (*folding her hands supplicating.*)—My dagger!

Lasarra.—Noble lady! why do you demand the only favour I cannot grant?

Johanna.—Knight! be generous! be merciful! Of what avail to witness in me a lingering death! Die I will! die I must! grief and hunger shall kill me, if you will not shorten the torture.

Lasarra.—Let's see, noble lady, if nothing can prevail to give you comfort, and a desire to live—(*Hastens into the next room.*)

SCENE VII.

Johanna (*alone, weak, staggering, half senseless, in a manner frantic, wanders about, and stammers out several times the words*)—To die! to die!—(*She seeks erring the lost dagger on the ground.*)—It is not there, it has been torn from me—(*In her wandering thus about, she casts her eyes on the old arms that are hung up.*)—Ha!—(*She tries to pull here and there a sword down, but for want of strength does not succeed.*)—In vain! (*She falls trembling on her knees.*)—Gracious God, grant me strength for the last time! have pity on me!—I cannot live without him. Alas! good God! let not his trust in me be dishonoured! “Johanna of Montfaucon will know how to die!” These were his words! despair gives me strength!—(*She springs up, and with great difficulty pulls down a shield, by which means several swords and lances fall down.*)—Ha! succeeded!—Adalbert, I come!—(*She takes up one of the swords, draws it.*)—Merciful Father! forgive me! graciously receive my soul!—(*She places the sword on the floor, and the point against her breast.*)—Adalbert!—(*She is on the brink of falling on the sword; the opposite door opens.*)

Otto (*unbound, starts with open arms towards her.*)—Mother!

Johanna (*lets the sword fall, sinks down on her knees, and holds out her arms.*)—My son!

Otto (*embraces her.*)—My mother!

SCENE VIII.

(An open place. In the back ground, cliffs rising one above another, at the top of which is seen a view of Belmont Castle.)

Philip (comes slowly and melancholy; stops, and looks at a distance.)—The sun is down! Hildegard's abode in the vale swims in mist like the hour of my visit; the towers of Granson only support my hopes.—Hark! there plays a herdsman his evening song.—Oh! were I yonder an inhabitant, and by the friendly call of the herdsman's pipe, could enjoy the innocent pleasure of watching by the side of Hildegard the lively flock!—What stirs there? Why does that strange man lurk thus behind the bushes? He stops, seems doubtful, is listening, and keeps looking towards the castle—*(Draws back a few steps.)*

SCENE IX.

ADALBERT—PHILIP.

Adalbert (looking at the castle.)—Shall I venture on the dangerous trial? climb up, make myself known to the keeper of the tower? This Montenach was and is still in alliance with Lassarra; my sword only forced from him his son

as an hostage. Philip returned—the father's vows forgotten—No, no! There on the pointed rocks where the flames glitter, round which the trusty herdsmen sit, there will I seek mankind!—Oh, had I but a guide, that in the dusk could lead me up the steep path.

Philip (draws nearer unperceived.)—Who art thou, stranger?

Adalbert (turns round.)—Philip!

Philip (astonished.)—Noble Knight! from whence so late, and alone?

Adalbert.—Canst thou ask that?

Philip.—Certainly. You were not inclined yesterday—

Adalbert.—Yesterday! Know you not what a frightful night parted this day from yesterday?

Philip.—You terrify me.

Adalbert.—Has not the rumour reached your ear?

Philip.—No.

Adalbert.—Then hear: I am a fugitive; my wife a prisoner, my son a slave; the earth my bed, heaven my roof!—despised, banished.

Philip.—How? By whom?

Adalbert.—Honest youth! thou hast warned me against the Italian lance-men.

Philip.—Who you received as beggars in your castle.

Adalbert.—They belonged to Lasarra's band.

Philip.—Lasarra!

Adalbert.—Midnight and subtle treachery were his confederates; he attacked me weaponless—had hardly time to get my sword; my few trusty men flew around me. I have escaped

death by fighting through the ranks, my wife and child remain in possession of the robbers.

Philip (hastily drawing his sword.)—Vengeance! vengeance!

Adalbert.—What wilt thou?

Philip.—Die in gratitude.

Adalbert.—Rest quiet. Of what use could such a sacrifice be to me? As yet, all is not lost; this castle—

Philip.—Is true to you. From the point of this rock will I dart swift vengeance upon these daring robbers.

Adalbert.—Where is your father?

Philip.—Did you not see him?

Adalbert.—When? where?

Philip.—Was it not by your commands that he drew out his men before night came on?

Adalbert.—By my commands!

Philip.—Came not at midnight a messenger to Montenach?

Adalbert.—From Granson! that may be, but not from me.

Philip.—Oh, surely! he went from hence to your assistance.

Adalbert.—And left thee behind?

Philip.—To guard the castle.

Adalbert.—As a friend, he would come to my assistance; and left thee, my faithful friend, behind?

Philip.—God! how suspicious!

Adalbert.—Knew me in danger, and concealed it from thee?

Philip.—Perhaps from pure love.

Adalbert.—Did not mention a word of my pretended message?

Philip.—He was mysterious—restless.

Adalbert.—What would virtue be, if peace of mind dwelt with offenders!

Philip.—I beseech you, noble Knight, think not thus of my father: it was but yesterday that you placed confidence in him, by sending back his son. How could he to-day—impossible!

Adalbert.—But where is he? where can he be?

Philip.—The keeper of the tower has seen him divide his troopers into different detachments in the vale—

Adalbert.—In order to trace the fugitive.—An angel has guided me safely through the forest.

Philip.—Then come into our castle; we will draw up the bridge. Your suspicions not proving groundless, I will shut against my father both door and heart.

Adalbert.—My good young man, of what use to my wife, if shut within those walls! They would surround us, besiege us for weeks and months, whilst Johanna in the mean time would suffer a thousand deaths.

Philip.—Then speak, what is to be done? I stir not from your side in need and death.

Adalbert.—Well, then, let us climb the Alps—let us ask the honest herdsmen to lend assistance. They love their peaceful huts, but I know they love me also—the rest who dwell on the mountains are likewise brave and faithful, plain and virtuous people, who in time of need and danger would turn each stick into a club.

Philip.—But this castle—

Adalbert.—Within the walls of Granson does Johanna suffer! within the walls of Granson does my child hunger!—I will storm Granson! deliver wife and child, or die!—Climb hence to the inhabitants of the Alps! Love calls! duty commands! No gold! no blood repays one moment lost!—*(He is going.)*

SCENE X.

Enter EBERHARD and REINHARD, who step in his way,

Eberhard.—Halt! Who are you?

Adalbert.—Your master.

Reinhard.—Estavajel!

Eberhard.—Our prisoner!

Adalbert.—Begone, fellows! or my sword shall mark ye.

Eberhard.—Surrender, Knight.

Philip.—Keep back. What want ye?

Reinhard.—To earn the reward.

Philip.—Do you know me?

Eberhard.—Squire Philip.

Philip.—Well, ye are my father's bondsmen. I command ye to treat this man with respect.

Eberhard.—Your father only can command us.

Philip.—So he would, were he here.

Eberhard.—It is he, who has charged us with the commission?

Philip.—What commission?

Eberhard.—To apprehend the knight.

Philip.—Thou liest!

Adalbert.—Now, Philip—

Philip.—He lies.

Reinhard.—Squire! get out of our way.

Philip.—Retire, if thy ears are dear to thee.

Reinhard.—Of what use is resistance? **Around** every bush watch some of our comrades; the moment I sound the horn, more than fifty will spring forth.

Philip.—If thou dare touch the horn; the first that lays hold of it shall suffer.

Adalbert.—Stand by! make room! (*Presses upon them with his drawn sword.*)

Eberhard (*defends himself.*)—Here! comrades! (*Reinhard sounds the horn.*)

Philip (*cuts him down.*)—There is thy reward!

Reinhard.—Woe to me!

Eberhard (*draws back, fighting on.*)—Comrades! help! help! (*Ulrich and Robert come rushing in.*)

Ulrich.—What is the matter?

Robert.—Is he found?

Adalbert (*steps back.*)—More rogues! (*Heribert and others rush in.*)

Heribert.—Have you got him?

Eberhard.—Surrender, knight!

Adalbert (*waves his sword.*)—To death only!

Philip.—Worthless knaves! he is your master! your benefactor!

Eberhard.—Squire Philip! take care!

Ulrich.—Squire, what do you want here?

Robert.—It is your father's commands.

Philip (places himself close at Adalbert's side.)
 —The first that dares venture in our way, is a dead man! Come, knight! Stand out of the way there!

Adalbert.—Keep back, fellows! *(They want to press forward.)*

Eberhard.—Come on, comrades! don't let him escape.

Adalbert.—Philip! here we must stand back to back. *(Adalbert and Philip back to back fight against them all—Some of them get wounded—Others rush in—All is confusion from the tumultuous noise, shrieks of the wounded, and clashing of swords.)*

SCENE XI.

Enter MONTENACH.

Montenach.—Ha! what is that? *(Leave off fighting.)*

Eberhard.—We have found the knight.

Montenach.—Seize him.

Eberhard.—Your son is his defender.

Montenach.—My son?

Eberhard.—Ulrich and Robert are fallen by his sword.

Montenach.—Philip!

Philip.—Father! is it you? No; I would sooner believe it a juggling trick of Satan.

Montenach.—Away from him! leave him to his fate!

Philip.—Never! never!

Montenach.—I command thee.

Philip.—That you cannot command.

Montenach.—Remember! I am thy father.

Philip.—And he my benefactor.

Montenach.—Obey, or thou diest at his side.

Philip.—Die! die at his side!

Adalbert.—Leave me, good Philip.

Philip.—In death only.

Montenach.—Seize him!

Philip (*waves his sword.*)—Come on you villains! corpse upon corpse my sword shall heap, ere you succeed in this base and vile artifice.

Montenach.—Now then spare neither! dead or alive! (*They are going to renew the fight.*) Stop! one thing more! My son, leave him, and I will give thee Hildegard for a wife.

Philip.—No! love shall not reward a crime. Keep back! keep back! (*Waves his sword again.*)

Montenach.—Then fight on! (*They fight again, some of the men fall. Montenach foaming with rage.*) Halt! damned boy! my best troopers! (*draws his sword, and places himself at the head of his men.*) Come on! and murder thy father also!

Philip (*sinks his sword.*)—My father!

Montenach.—Take hold of him! (*some of the men assist to secure him.*) Now quickly surround the other!

Adalbert (*when he finds they are overpowered.*)—Oh, God! protect my wife and child. (*Points his sword against his breast, and is going to fall on it, the men at the instant seize him, and snatch away the sword.*)

Montenach.—Triumph! away to the castle.

Philip.—For mercy's sake kill me!

Adalbert (while he is dragged off.)—*Philip!*
prove thyself a brother to my wife.

[The curtain drops.]

Montenach.—Obedience, or thou diest at his side.

Philip.—Die! die at his side!

Adalbert.—I leave me, good Philip.

Philip.—In death only.

Montenach.—Seize him!

Philip (seizes his sword).—Come on you vi-

lains! corpse upon corpse my sword shall heap.

Are you succeed in this base and vile artifice.

Montenach.—Now then spare neither! dead

or alive! (Then are going to renew the fight.)

Stop! one is enough! My son leave him, and

I will give thee this sword for a wife.

Philip.—No! love shall not reward a crime.

Keep back! keep back! (Kisses his sword

again.)

Montenach.—Then fight on! (The fight begins,

some of the men fall. Montenach, coming with

rage.) Hail! damned boy! thy best troopers!

(seizes his sword, and strikes himself at the head

with it.) Come on! and murder thy father!

Philip (seizes his sword).—My father!

Montenach.—Take hold of him! (Some of the

men assist to secure him.) Now quickly surround

the other!

Adalbert (when he finds they are overpowered.)

Oh! God! protect my wife and child! (Points

towards the castle.) I am going to fall on

the men at the instant when they are

about the sword.)

ACT III.

[GUNTAM's Farm, as in the First Act.]

SCENE I.

(GUNTAM and DARBONNAY come out of the House.)

Darbonnay.—I tell thee we are deceived.

Guntram.—So much the better.

Darbonnay.—Do you not hear? Deceived!

Guntram.—Yes, yes, I hear, and say so much the better.

Darbonnay.—Do you venture to mock me?

Guntram.—By no means.

Darbonnay.—You have in this case promised your aid and counsel.

Guntram.—I will aid and counsel.

Darbonnay.—But soon! soon! for if he once break in upon us, what can I effect with a handful of men?

Guntram.—But are you sure that Lasarra will break his word with you?

Darbonnay.—Oh! I know his cunning! although he begged and entreated, painted mountains of gold, in order to persuade me, yet the

battle over; when I reminded him of his promise, he gave for answer, "There is still much to be done;" thus spake he haughtily.

Guntram.—And what of me.

Darbonnay.—You he called an old rogue, that ought to be thankful for having escaped being hanged.

Guntram.—Surely? Aye, excellent! Well, I had in part foreseen that, and am prepared.

Darbonnay.—But I.

Guntram.—Why honoured knight, if I procure for you the whole estate of Granson, as a rightful property.

Darbonnay.—Rightful! let us hear.

Guntram.—Are you resolved to hazard any thing?

Darbonnay.—Any thing.

Guntram.—First, then take an oath! that you will not divulge the secret at an improper time.

Darbonnay.—I swear.

Guntram.—By God, and the honour of a knight, that when I have performed what I promise, the half of your estates be mine till death.

Darbonnay.—I swear.

Guntram.—Are you also resolved to give a bond for this, signed and sealed with your own hand?

Darbonnay.—I am.

Guntram.—Then learn a secret, that for eighteen years past has laid in my heart as a drop of water in a muscle, and that perhaps to me this very day will ripen into a costly pearl. (*Looking timorously round about.*) That girl whom you so much admired to-day—

Darbonnay.—Is your daughter?

Guntram.—Not my daughter.

Darboonnay.—No!

Guntram.—Isabella—heiress of Granson.

Darboonnay.—How?

Guntram.—Her father was outlawed.

Darboonnay.—I know his melancholy history.

Guntram.—He fled with his only daughter, and one trusty servant.

Darboonnay.—What is become of him?

Guntram.—He is dead.

Darboonnay.—How did you become acquainted with his fate?

Guntram.—I headed at that time some brave troops.

Darboonnay (laughing.)—Thou?

Guntram.—That were disbanded refugees of the gang of the famous Amagnas, who, when Italy made peace, came and settled in our forests and mountains.

Darboonnay.—Robbers also?

Guntram.—'Tis true, we were not knighted; but resembled you in benevolence and in every thing else.

Darboonnay.—Go on! go on!

Guntram.—To the shore of the Welshnenberger sea, did old Granson retire in misery and wretchedness; we fell suddenly upon him.

Darboonnay.—Defenceless!

Guntram.—He and his old servant were slain; I expected to meet with treasures, but found only a crying child.

Darboonnay.—Isabella!

Guntram.—My people wished to throw her into the water, I then cast an eye upon futurity.

Stop! methought this child with her box full of written parchments, may hereafter be of more use to me than jewels. I took her under my protection, but after a time, when ill fate dispersed my troops, and I was obliged through age and weakness to give up my unsteady manner of living, then came I hither to settle, in order to be on the spot, to find out how I might in future dispose of my child most advantageously.

Darboonnay.—Thou hast proofs?

Guntram.—Undeniable.

Darboonnay.—Old Judas! I see through your plan.

Guntram.—Estavajel dead, the long standing grudge of the counts of Savoy extinguished, the young Amadaus will, as a kind liege-lord, acknowledge you at the girl's hand, and so you will conquer without drawing a sword. But quiet! quiet! I see yonder a listener coming; follow me, we'll walk back by the sea side, the murmuring of the waves will prevent our being overheard.

Darboonnay.—Why this privacy? The rights of the heiress speak aloud!

Guntram.—Many a man has lost his right, by speaking of it either too soon or too loud.

[*Both exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter an HERMIT.

Hermit.—Three times have I already walked up and down here—she stays long to-day—Dost thou hunger old man? Aye, aye, so learn'st thou in thy old age what hunger is; formerly on the silver dishes this sauce was never presented—and the young woman's affability!—I can as yet pay for my food. Oh yes! I am not quite so poor! but that inestimable kindness, that balsam to the soul—can I pay for that also? The comfort bestowed by the heart has no price.

SCENE III.

Enter HILDEGARD with a basket of bread and fruit—She looks several times timorously around her, then goes up quickly to the HERMIT.

Hildegard.—Be not angry, good old man, that I am not so punctual to-day as usual.

Hermit.—Beggars' anger would indeed be petulance.

Hildegard.—What can more justly excite compassion than discretion? Have you ever asked for any thing?

Hermit.—Surely not by words.

Hildegard.—God forbid I should be constrained to disregard such venerable looks. When I, in our grove, the first time beheld your grey-beard, resembling the bright silver poplar tree; when I, unperceived, stept near you, heard you return thanks with your lips for the roots which you drew from the earth—

Hermit.—Then did your feeling heart expand, and daily since that hour have you provided food for the stranger, in spite of the interdictions of an unfeeling father.

Hildegard.—My father gave me life, but from nature I imbibed humanity.—Good old man, are you not hungry?

Hermit (who by looking and conversing forgot his hunger).—Brutes only ravenously satiate themselves—but the appetite of man is restrained by nobler enjoyments.

Hildegard.—By right, I should have been here, because it is the hour that my father takes his nap.

Hermit.—Dare beneficence then only wake when he sleeps?

Hildegard.—Make not the daughter ashamed; at present there is a stranger with him. There has been to-day and yesterday much confusion in our house, and in most parts hereabout; have you heard nothing of it?

Hermit.—I was asleep in my cave.

Hildegard.—What! know you not that at Granson—

Hermit.—Granson is become strange to me.

Hildegard.—They have driven our good knight from the castle, and from his amiable wife; they surprized him in the night.

Hermit (partly to himself.)—Vengeance limps, but never rests.

Hildegard.—Oh! had Philip been here!

Hermit (to himself.)—Thus suffers the son for the father's misdeeds.

Hildegard.—I cannot help weeping for the noble Estavajel.

Hermit.—I did not know him.

Hildegard.—I wonder at that; he knew every poor person—and himself now hungers in chains.

Hermit.—The virtuous may be chained, but not virtue.

Hildegard.—Ah! to be suddenly plunged from a precipice into a bottomless pit; that you have never experienced.

Hermit.—Yes, yes, in a bottomless pit is sometimes found what on a precipice seems lost—one's self.

Hildegard.—You still conceal from me the circumstances of your life.

Hermit.—I must.

Hildegard.—You have no confidence in me.

Hermit.—I trust in your love for mankind—you will ask no picture of my sufferings—you will not act cruelly against me, as time, which extinguishes all things—except my affliction.

Hildegard.—Poor old man!

Hermit.—Give me some drink!

Hildegard (displeased with herself.)—Oh dear me! I am quite hurt, pardon me! I will be here again in an instant. [Exit.

Hermit (sits down in the grotto.)—Daughter! thou wouldst have been just as old—perhaps as good—Oh no, I will not believe it! Shall I bewail that which might have been? I have hardly tears left for that which really is.

SCENE IV.

GUNTRAM and DARBONNAY return. Hermit concealed.

Guntram.—Now do you understand me?

Darboonnay.—Perfectly.

Guntram.—Then remove your men quietly from the castle, and send them in different divisions on the road towards Savoy.

Darboonnay.—Quite right.

Guntram.—Lasarra must know nothing of your departure; he must be kept in doubt of the cause of your leaving him.

Darboonnay.—And Hildegard?—When do you deliver her up to me?

Guntram.—About midnight.

Darboonnay.—Why not directly?

Guntram.—The girl might by her shrieks alarm a number of people to assemble here.

Darboonnay.—Shrieks! when splendour awaits her?

Guntram.—I know my Hildegard—small fare, with love; more she desires not.

Darboonnay.—Give a child a copper coin, and it supposes itself rich.

Guntram.—Therefore provide a well-secured conveyance.

Darboonnay.—With a band of armed men.

Guntram.—I shall then receive the signed bond.

Darbonnay.—And I the handsome refractory.

Guntram.—You will hasten on before day-break.

Darbonnay.—While the roads are lonely.

Guntram.—Then by authority and love, kindness and severity, be it your care to try to gain her affection.

Darbonnay.—Right, father Guntram.

Hermit (overcome with aversion, forgets himself, and calls out)—Father!

Darbonnay.—What was that? Is some one here in this grotto?—*(Both go up to the grotto. Hermit feigns sleep.)*

Guntram.—An old hermit that begs about here.

Darbonnay (draws forth a dagger.)—Shall I dispatch him?

Guntram.—Leave him, he is asleep.

Darbonnay.—But should he listen to us?

Guntram.—I shall not attempt to touch him! it might be dangerous to inflame the multitude, that from his dress look upon him as a saint. Were they here to find his corpse, I should be undone for ever.

Darbonnay.—Shall we throw him from yonder cliff into the sea?

Guntram.—By day-light?—The herdsmen are every where about, grazing their cattle and sheep.—Leave him; be unconcerned; he is asleep.

Darbonnay.—Well, then, let that ill weed remain creeping on the ground—*(Puts up the dagger)*—I hasten to prepare for my departure.

[Exit.

Guntram (calls after him.)—At midnight I shall expect thee.

SCENE V.

Guntram.—That is the man for my purpose, poor, bold, a keen head, and obedient. Now I shall reap what my prudence has been sowing for many years: it is high time. I dread that Philip—he is young, in love, and consequently fool-hardy. All my crafty entreaties to set him against Estavajel have been in vain, owing to that enthusiastical gratitude he bears him—*(Looks at the Hermit)*—He is still sleeping! Give a pious idler a good meal, and afterwards let him slumber to digest it, I warrant he will never hurt you. *(Goes into the house.)*

SCENE VI.

Hermit (alone.)—Do you think so, base man? The old beggar, and vengeance appeared to thee slumbering—I hardly could hope to have outlived another hour, but God's infinite mercy prolonged my existence. I can still do good, and therefore will bear my sufferings with fortitude—One favourable moment I most humbly supplicate, to rescue and save a virtuous girl from the hands of a banditti.

SCENE VII.

Enter HILDEGARD with a pitcher of wine.

Hildegard.—Drink, good old man. I was again prevented returning sooner to you: my father was in the way.

Hermit.—And so would you, had you been here.

Hildegard.—I!—Oh, no! He little regards me.

Hermit.—You are mistaken, child; he has this moment sold you for a high price.

Hildegard.—Sold!—

Hermit.—Thanks be to heaven that I can reward your goodness.

Hildegard.—Reward!—

Hermit.—Know you that man, who, dressed as a knight, commits so many outrages hereabouts?

Hildegard.—No.

Hermit.—He has bargained with an unnatural father for you.

Hildegard.—I do not understand.

Hermit.—You are fixed on to be his wife, perhaps only to be his mistress.

Hildegard (much frightened.)—Your jest is horrible.

Hermit.—Jest! Look how this staff trembles in my hand;—I never jest.

Hildegard.—Then speak! in pity speak!

Hermit.—In this grotto I overheard their wicked plan. Your father has agreed to deliver you up to that villain this very night.

Hildegard.—If so, 'twill be in death.

Hermit.—No, living! to become a sacrifice to the fury of his brutal desires.

Hildegard.—Death! death! rather die a thousand deaths than be faithless to my Philip.

Hermit.—But why die?—Take courage, and fly.

Hildegard.—Where to?

Hermit.—If your tender nature does not fear poverty.

Hildegard.—Save my innocence, and you will save my riches.

Hermit.—Then follow me into my cave.

Hildegard.—With all my heart.

Hermit.—I will give up my rush couch for thee to rest on in the night; I will guard thy slumbers, and in the day I will go and seek food for thee.

Hildegard.—I want but little; in forests and on cliffs will I assist thee to search for herbs and roots.

Hermit.—Then let us be gone; although the weight of age will not allow of flight so swift as I could wish, yet one look at my benefactress will give me additional strength.—Come, then, cheer up; be quick—(going.)

Hildegard.—Ah! You have not considered how, or in what manner, we poor feeble creatures shall get over yonder walls.

Hermit.—Is not the gate open?

Hildegard.—It is guarded at all hours; my father's mistrust has so increased of late, that he

has placed numbers of his men around the farm.

Hermit.—Is there not one among them who would take a bribe?

Hildegard.—At least not through entreaty, but I have nothing to give.

Hermit.—But I have,

Hildegard.—You!

Hermit.—The beggar's spare penny for a decent burial I have saved up.

Hildegard.—Would you for me.—

Hermit.—Give it up with pleasure.

Hildegard.—Oh! then from this moment will I call you father,

Hermit.—Do that, my daughter.

Hildegard.—Oh, father! even these are vain hopes. Guntram's cunning knows well, that a rogue among strangers must often appear honest against his own will; for that reason he changes the men constantly, that one rogue may watch and betray another.

Hermit.—How miserable is that man, whom not love, but hired watchers, can alone render secure.

Hildegard.—My good Philip has often attempted to tame them; but chained up like mastiffs, they are untameable.

Hermit.—Your Philip! Whom is it you call thus?

Hildegard.—The lover of my heart.

Hermit.—I do not mean to gain your confidence at an improper time; yet one question allow me to ask—Do you often see this Philip? and where?

Hildegard.—Here—daily.

Hermit.—Well, then, if he were protected by a good angel, why should not we?—Come, come, let us venture through yonder gate, I have never hitherto been stopped.

Hildegard.—That was by order of my father.

Hermit.—Does he respect me?

Hildegard.—He regards your beard and garment, knows your consequence among the people, and likes to pass for a man who reveres the pious hermit also.

Hermit.—Well, then, if this garment can contribute to the effecting your escape, take it and fly; I will remain here.

Hildegard.—I fly! with the reflection of my deliverer's being rewarded with ill-treatment!—I fly! alone!—Where?

Hermit.—Great God! protector of the innocent, thy marvellous aid alone can save this child.

Hildegard.—A thought strikes me; although but a spark of hope, yet I have often heard that love does wonders.—Hasten, father; hasten to Belmont Castle; your garment will ensure you admittance through those gates the same as here—enquire for my Philip—he is the son of Montenach—disclose to him the dangers which threaten me—use every precaution, that you may not be suspected. In the dusk of the evening return, and bring Philip with you to this wall—Yonder, under that bush, I will tarry for ye—A venerable conductor, and a faithful hand of love, will free me—Go, my father!

Hermit.—This almost forgotten title will hasten on my steps to the cliffs of Belmont, will whistle as a gentle breeze round my grey head—but should I not succeed in this my last attempt—

Hildegard.—It will succeed! When a child I fell from a window; at that time life only I had to lose, and was saved; and shall my innocence have no guardian angel to protect it?—God conduct thee!

[*Exit.*]

Hermit.—Oh this sacred trust! I rely upon the assistance of a superior Being! God frustrate it not! Let me be the guardian of her innocence!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Room in Belmont Castle.

MONTENACH and PHILIP.

(*Montenach puts a pitcher of wine on the table before him; Philip stands opposite with his arms folded, much afflicted.*)

Montenach (calls out.)—Here, fellows! bring me wine!—(*drinks*)—Thank my cheerful humour, you have remained unpunished.

Philip.—Cheerful humour! after such proceedings!

Montenach.—Victoria! it has succeeded!—(*drinks.*)

Philip.—I always thought that cheerfulness was a fruit only of the tree of virtue.

Montenach.—Mr. Doctor, I drink to your health—(*drinks.*)

Philip.—Impossible, father, that you can persist in the horrible resolution to murder the most worthy of men,

Montenach.—I discharge only the will and pleasure of my new liege lord—this castle, the reward of my obedience—You understand me?

Philip.—A most shameful reward.

Montenach.—Boy!—(*drinks.*)

Philip.—At your time of life, of what use is it to boast—these lands, manured with blood, are mine!—these solitary walls, in which the ghosts of the slain wander, are mine.

Montenach.—Are mine—(*drinks.*)

Philip.—You are an old man. When bodily infirmities and remorse of conscience overcome you, then will you in vain draw up the bridges, and place watchers on the walls; the sound of the hunting horn will not overpower the last sighs of the murdered, and no full cup will relieve your mortal anxiety.

Montenach.—I will build a convent. (*drinks.*)

Philip.—Were you in the last hour of your life surrounded by pious men, their consolation would be of little avail, for Estavajel's ghost would look grimly upon you from over their shoulders.

Montenach.—Be silent!

Philip.—You might light up hundreds of tapers, you would still find it gloomy, and in each corner behold Estavajel's figure threatening your total destruction.

Montenach.—Away! begone! (*drinks.*)

Philip.—Can nothing make you tremble?

Montenach.—You will have soon succeeded; my anger begins to boil.

Philip.—Do you know why you hate the noble knight?

Montenach.—No matter why.

Philip.—Because he humbled you by his lenity, which men of your disposition never forgive.

Montenach.—Very prudent.

Philip.—When you and your Lasarra, whom God condemn! a year and a day since were defeated and made prisoners—when you stood trembling before the conqueror to receive sentence, and he, great man! with the most noble confidence, released you from your chains, returned your sword, and thus kindly spake, “Return in peace, and be in future my trusty friend and castellan: this is my revenge—” confounded by his magnanimity, you blushed for shame.

Montenach.—Wherefore this?—will you inflame my anger still more?

Philip.—And when he yesterday, without suspicion, sent back the son, who, as an hostage, had been bail for your sincerity, I then perceived hatred sparkling in your eyes towards that man, because he was your benefactor.

Montenach.—Enough; he who trusts a forgiven enemy is a fool, and deserves chastisement. *(drinks.)*

Philip.—A fool you call him!—Oh! no such fool came forth from God’s hand! woe, woe to your wisdom.

Montenach (breaks out in a passion.)—Woe be to thee if thou art not quiet.

Philip (after a pause.)—And have you irrevocably resolved on Estavajel’s death?

Montenach.—Thus commands Lasarra.

TO

JOHANNA OF MONTFAUCON.

Philip.—And you obey this shameless robber?

Montenach.—I obey my liege lord.

Philip.—Well then, say that also, “I had a son.”

Montenach.—What does that mean?

Philip.—He, from whose instruction and example I learned morality and virtue, he is my father, not you—you never acted like one.

Montenach.—Philip!

Philip.—I separate myself from you.

Montenach.—Are you mad?

Philip.—You will never see me again.

Montenach.—Will you go begging?

Philip.—Yes, for Estavajel’s widow.

Montenach.—She will live nobly and happy.

Philip.—Do you think so?

Montenach.—And this very day become Lasarra’s wife.

Philip.—Do you know Johanna of Montfaucou?

Montenach.—I know women. Would you witness the ceremony, then hasten to Granson.

Philip.—Away, away to Granson, to revenge the blood of Estavajel! Almighty power, hear my vow!—*(kneels down)*—Not a drop of wine shall moisten my tongue, not a smile of joy profane my cheeks, nor the consolation of priests recreate my soul, until I have revenged this infamous villany, and with Lasarra’s blood have made atonement to the shade of my benefactor—*(Jumps up and hastens away.)*—Farewell, father!—*(In going out at the door, meets Estavajel, who is brought in fettered. Philip steps back, and stops.)*

SCENE IX.

(Adalbert, with tranquillity of mind, walks up to Montenach, and looks him in the face, who cannot bear his sight, turns round, and drinks.)

Philip (sorrowfully takes Adalbert by the hand.)
—My noble Sir!—*(Adalbert takes his hand away and embraces Philip, then pushes him gently aside, and looks again at Montenach.)*

Montenach (will speak, but Adalbert's looks make him dumb, he turns round again, and calls out.)—Here! Who waits without? Bring me wine.

Philip.—In vain you try to benumb your senses. Father, reflect! You have not the power to endure his looks.

Montenach.—Be quiet!—Estavajel, why do you thus look at me? No answer? Do you not know you are in my power?—*(Adalbert smiles.)*
—Devil and hell! I will be answered—*(Adalbert remains silent. Montenach in high rage.)*—You affront me!—What? not answer one word? I will call my men, and have you instantly executed,

Philip.—Executed! him!—*(draws out a dagger.)*—Not as long as your son is alive.

Montenach (jumps up, but can hardly support himself, being intoxicated with wine, and inflamed by passion.)—Boy! dost thou again dare to cross me? Be gone from my sight!—And to you, Adalbert, I have to notify, in the name of Eginhard Lasarra, Knight of Monts, and Lord

of Granson, that the axe of the executioner this very night shall sever your head from your body—Prepare yourself for the hour of death—
(*Staggers to his room.*)

SCENE X.

PHILIP—ADALBERT.

Philip.—Oh, holy nature! what a father hast thou given me!

Adalbert.—(*gives his hand to Philip.*)—Farewell, Philip.

Philip.—No, I will not leave you; I will die with you.

Adalbert.—Good Philip, of what avail will thy death be to me?—Live! live! for my wife! for my son!

Philip.—To save them, and avenge your cause.

Adalbert.—No revenge!—Oh, Philip! thou knowest not that I perhaps bear the burden of my father's misdeeds! No revenge—but save, save mother and child.

Philip.—Receive my vow, as God received it.

Adalbert.—No vow! for a grateful heart vows were not invented. Be as a brother to my Johanna, and as a father to my Otto: endeavour to deliver them both from the power of Lasarra, either by craft or force; and if thou dost succeed, conduct them to her old uncle Diebold in Burgundy; there may the mother mitigate

her sorrow, and her tears flow undisturbed, and the son grow up, under thy care, to be her protector.

Philip.—A most honourable and valuable legacy.

Adalbert.—When will you go to Granson?

Philip.—This very hour.

Adalbert.—Beguile the traitor with the appearance of friendship.

Philip.—Noble Knight! what do you require of me?

Adalbert.—A hard task, I know, yet most needful—'tis only by dissembling you can gain sight of my Johanna; take that opportunity to ask her, whether Lasarra treats her with proper dignity? or whether his impetuous passion threatens her honour?—Ah! and fearest thou the latter, Philip!—then convey to the miserable woman my dagger.—You understand me?

Philip (much affected.)—I understand thee well.

Adalbert.—Tell her, I leave this world with the blessed conviction of her unspotted fidelity towards me; tell her, I thank her for the many hours of past happiness her sincere love has given me; tell her, I go to another and a better world, there to await her, till in joy we are re-united, and where nothing will disturb my ardent affection—*(very much overcome)*—Give to my Otto his father's last blessing; tell him to be honest and brave, to be dutiful and obedient to his mother, to devote his heart to benevolence and justice, and to draw his sword in defence of oppression and innocence—*(he breaks into tears)*—I can no more,

Philip.—God! one hour only let me live, that I may save my benefactor! one such an hour, and I have lived long enough.

One of the Keepers that attend Adalbert.—Away, Knight, to the tower; it grows dark.

Adalbert (to Philip.)—Farewell!

Philip (in convulsive agony, takes hold of Adalbert's hand.)—Stop, stop! No, no—*(to the keeper)*—One moment only!—*(pushes open the door of his father's apartment)*—Father! father!—*(starts)*—He sleeps! great God! he sleeps!

Keeper.—And were he awake, of what use would it be? Lasarra's commands must be obeyed; nothing can alter his determination.

Philip (who keeps looking steadfastly at his father.)—Can he sleep?—and so sound?—*(a thought quick as lightning strikes him)*—Ha!

Adalbert (to Philip.)—What is the matter?

Keeper (to Adalbert.)—Come, come, we must be gone!

Philip (forcibly dissembling.)—Presently, presently!—Yes, you are right, all hopes are fruitless and vain—he must go—yes, he must.—Did you not say, to the west tower?

Keeper.—To the tower towards the east, where the chain of rocks begin.

Philip (talking lively.)—Towards the east, where the chain of rocks—quite right, towards the east. And how long is it yet till his execution?

Keeper.—Till the hour of midnight.

Philip (looking now and then unperceived into his father's room.)—Then it is but fair that the prisoner should be left alone, to commend himself to God.—Am I not right?—*(to Adalbert.)*—You wish to be alone?

Adalbert.—I do.

Keeper.—I will send the castle chaplain to you.

Philip (in great trouble, though concealing it.)
—Not directly. I dare say the Knight would wish to have one hour at least, to prepare himself properly to receive the chaplain—*(to Adalbert privately)*—Say you wish to be alone—Besides, one prays with more devotion than if in presence of another.

Adalbert.—I do not understand you.

Philip (very pressing.)—Alone! alone! that cannot be denied you.

Keeper.—If the Knight pleases, no one shall disturb him in his devotion.

Philip.—Then go, Knight, go!

Adalbert.—What! will you part without taking a last farewell of me?

Philip (embraces him, and whispers.)—I shall see you again.

Adalbert (points to Heaven.)—Ah, there!—
(Goes off, the Keeper and Guards follow.)

SCENE XI.

Philip (looking after Adalbert for some time, till he hears no more of him; then looks in at the door, where his father is still sleeping.)—My father is overcome with wine—he sleeps fast—God!—*(Kneels down for a moment, and with ardency lifts up his hands to Heaven; rises up again,*

and hastens softly into his father's bed-chamber; returns in a few seconds with a bunch of keys, which he holds up in secret joy; shuts the door softly after him)—May now the guardian angel of Estavajel appear in pleasing dreams to my father, and prolong his slumber—(In going off, is met by the Hermit.)

SCENE XII.

Philip (hastily).—Who are you? what do you want?—Make no noise, my father sleeps. No one dare speak loud here—away! begone!

Hermit.—Gently, gently! so much the better. I am in search of Philip of Montenach.

Philip.—I am the same. Have you any thing to say to me, you must defer it till to-morrow.

Hermit.—To-morrow it would be too late.

Philip.—No matter, I am in great haste.

Hermit.—So am I.

Philip.—You can have nothing to impart that can be of greater consequence to me than the present hour.

Hermit.—Perhaps I have. I am sent by Hildegard.

Philip (starts.).—Hildegard!

Hermit.—She is to be carried off this night, and delivered up to a strange gallant.

Philip.—Carried off! delivered up! By whom?

Hermit.—By her unnatural father. I myself have been in a secret manner a witness of this shameful intrigue.

Philip.—What! where! how! God preserve my senses.

Hermit.—To escape all roads blocked up—her only hope rests on thee, noble youth.

Philip (trembling.)—On me!

Hermit.—She expects thee before midnight under the wall near the bushes.

Philip.—Before midnight!

Hermit.—A conductor, and she will be saved.

Philip.—I shall save her!

Hermit.—Do you tarry still?—(*Philip looks at his keys, and wrings his hands in despair. Hermit continues.*)—What does that mean? are you not Philip of Montenach?

Philip.—I am.

Hermit.—If you love her, follow me; it is highest time.

Philip.—Yes, it is highest time.

Hermit.—We have a long way to go.

Philip (combating with himself.)—God! I am but a poor being! I am unable to bear this burden!

Hermit.—What is the matter?

Philip.—The girl I love! benefactor! duty! love! heart! conscience!—Go, tempter! I cannot follow thee!

Hermit.—Are you senseless?—Did you understand me?

Philip.—Oh, too well!—but will Hildegard understand me?—(*hastily*)—Old man, whoever thou mayest be, I dare make thee my confidant, because thou art a messenger of my Hildegard. In this castle languishes the noble Estavajel in chains: about midnight he is to be murdered. He is my benefactor, my instructor, my foster-

father, my father—he has loved me as his son—I have to thank him for all—all. Here, in my hand, is his liberty; a secret locked-up passage under this castle, which leads out by the steep rock—here are the keys. If I delay one hour, it will be too late.—No, I cannot follow thee! gratitude is a sacred duty. In this hour I must make myself worthy of Hildegard's love, and if I succeed in the noble deed, then will I also free her, or die. May the angel of her innocence protect her for the present!—I cannot—O God! I cannot—*(hastening away. Hermit wrings his hands, and with a sorrowful heart looks up to Heaven.)*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

The Ground Floor in GUNTRAM'S House.

SCENE I.

HERMIT.

(In entering turns round to speak.)

Hermit.—I must speak to him immediately!
(Takes out of his pocket a valuable ring, and looks at it.) Yes, will it but do—yet, to part from thee, thou costly pledge with which I once received the best of women! thou worthy companion in prosperity and misfortune, that once intercepted the looks of a dearly beloved wife, and now in my lonesome hours will only reflect them; to part from thee is hard! yet harder still the disagreeable task—take courage, in order that he may trust, and take me for his equal—I must dissemble. Here he comes! God, strike him with blindness that he may not discover my inability in his art!

SCENE II.

GUNTRAM—HERMIT.

Guntram.—Is it thee, pious hermit, that sent for me?

Hermit.—It is.

Guntram.—Dost thou want my donation for remembering me in your prayers?

Hermit.—Do I not know the prudent Guntram, that relies more on himself than on heaven?

Guntram (concerned.)—What dost thou mean by that?

Hermit.—I perceive that you fear my garment; allow me therefore to throw it off in your presence,

Guntram.—What? Art thou not what thou assumest?

Hermit.—Men are seldom what they assume; the prudent never.

Guntram (after a pause, in which he looks at him mistrusting.)—Old Jack Sprat would teach his grandam—thou art trying me, why, and for what?

Hermit.—I comprehend your looks. You shall become better acquainted with me, you will not repent it.

Guntram.—Are you not the hermit from the mountains, that for years have wandered about here, and lived on charity.

Hermit.—Very right, my beggar's staff, my grey beard, and my hood, have admitted me into doors which were always kept shut to others. I am no longer a stranger to any one in this neighbourhood, therefore know very well where to keep silence and where to speak—here I dare speak.

Guntram (with exquisite expectation.)—Then speak! who art thou?

Hermit.—To-morrow you will be intrusted with an account of my history and my designs; they are rich in their rewards, and well planned—fortune stands also at my side, for my most

dreaded enemy, whom I have pursued for years, has taken refuge in my cave—it is quite an incident.

Guntram.—Who do you mean?

Hermit.—Estavajel.

Guntram.—He your enemy! For why?

Hermit.—To reveal the whole secret would require half the night. I must presently hasten off to the dying man.

Guntram.—A dying man!

Hermit.—Covered with wounds, that were struck by Lasarra's weapon, Estavajel has fled into my cave; there he lingers near the dying hour. I fear he will not outlive this night.

Guntram.—So much the better.

Hermit.—Finding that his wounds were mortal, he discovered to me that he had a family treasure of diamonds preserved, buried in the forest under an oak tree.

Guntram.—Where? Where?

Hermit (jesting.)—Aye, if I knew that, do you think I should have come to you?

Guntram.—Well then, what do you want of me?

Hermit.—These treasures, Estavajel said, "would be of great use to my unfortunate and unprotected wife and son, but I am distressed to find a trusty friend into whose hands I might deliver them up." In vain did I offer myself to execute this trust; he looked in my face, shook his head, and was silent. After a long pause, he suddenly mentioned your name.

Guntram.—My name!

Hermit.—"Guntram," said he, "has on many occasions been of great service to my father—

him, no one observes, no one suspects—hasten! hasten! bring him here to me before I die.”

Guntram (in eager haste.)—To me he will intrust his treasures?

Hermit.—To you only. Follow me without delay, that we may find him still alive.

Guntram.—Is it far to your cave?

Hermit.—If we double our steps, and you don't fear the steep cliffs, we shall be there in about an hour's time.

Guntram.—What do you think? I run! I climb up rocks! has Estavajel forgotten that I have been tottering for years, and that I can hardly take a walk on the sea shore without my crutches?

Hermit.—Even of that he thought—“Should he,” (*thus calling after me in his agony*) “should Guntram not be able to follow you quickly, then let him send his daughter, that I may put my jewels into her hands.”

Guntram (mistrusting.)—My daughter!

Hermit (rather dissatisfied.)—You don't suppose the innocent girl would be in danger with an old hermit?

Guntram.—With you I fear not—but pardon me—your word only—can you shew any thing to convince me that you were sent by him?

Hermit.—This ring—do you know it?

Guntram.—Very rich indeed.

Hermit.—It shall be pledged to you till we return.

Guntram (aside, admiring the ring.)—Surely it deserves to adorn a crown. (*Loud.*) That your embassy is of consequence, this ring clearly proves—but to gain my confidence this ring is not sufficient.

Hermit (surprised.)—Not sufficient!

Guntram.—The singularity of your request strengthens my suspicion. I never saw this ring on Estavajel's finger. Go, go; old Guntram is not so easily persuaded.

Hermit.—You mistake—it is well that I recollect—the ring has another mark, which I dare say will fully convince you; turn the stone inwards, and you will find the seal of the old Baron of Granson.

Guntram.—Granson's seal! (*Examines.*) Yes! it is true enough—now I dare trust you—Estavajel could be the only possessor of this seal.

Hermit.—At last you are convinced.

Guntram.—I am.

Hermit.—Not to deliver up the treasure to Estavajel's widow we have agreed—have we not?

Guntram.—Agreed.

Hermit.—And likewise to share it honestly?

Guntram.—Likewise.

Hermit.—Well then, call your daughter! I doubt much whether we shall find him alive. Should these treasures remain under ground, and not enjoyed, what a pity it would be.

Guntram.—Very true! but the presence of my daughter is unavoidably required here to-night.

Hermit.—The sun is hardly set, the moon will soon lighten our way, and before midnight we shall return.

Guntram.—Before midnight! Can I depend upon that?

Hermit.—As upon your own word.

Guntram.—Well! then be it so. (*Goes up to the door and calls out.*) Hildegard! Hildegard!

Hildegard (within.)—Father!

Guntram.—Put on your cloak! take the little ebony box, and come down. (*Stops at the door waiting for Hildegard.*)

Hermit (aside to himself.)—God! the moment of decision approaches! hear my vow, my prayers! accomplish my design to save innocence, and then let me die,

SCENE III.

HILDEGARD—GUNTRAM—HERMIT.

Hildegard (with the before-mentioned box under her arm, which is covered with a white handkerchief.)—Here am I! what is your desire, father?

Guntram.—Thou must follow this good old man instantly, wherever he leads you.

Hildegard (frightened.)—This man!—Who is this man?

Hermit (turns towards her.)—A poor old man that—

Hildegard (discovers him and shrieks.)—Ah! is it you?

Guntram (distrustful.)—What! do you know him?

Hildegard (recollects herself.)—He has often begged for charity of me.

Guntram.—But why thus frightened?

Hildegard.—I don't know; his countenance always inspired emotion.

Guntram.—Silly girl! then follow this honest man,

Hildegard.—Most willingly, if you desire it, father.

Guntram.—Yes! but are you not desirous to know whither?

Hildegard (stammering.)—Perhaps to guide him in his pilgrimage through the woods into the mountains.

Guntram (aside.)—Had I not security of his honesty, I should conjecture ill.

Hermit (aside.)—He is hesitating; I tremble.

Guntram (considering.)—However, the seal confutes all suspicion. Go, Hildegard; go, my daughter, but urge your conductor to return before midnight.

Hildegard.—Yes, surely! I shall hasten on the wings of obedience. (*With inward emotion.*) Farewell! (*Kisses his hand.*)

Guntram.—What is the matter? You tremble.

Hildegard.—Nothing—nothing at all—this empty box—must I take it with me? It hinders me.

Guntram.—This light empty box you will bring back full and heavy. Your conductor will tell you about it as you go along.

Hildegard.—Very well! I am ready.

Hermit.—Farewell Guntram! take care of my pledge! it does not belong to our partition—follow me, good girl, be cheerful and courageous!

Hildegard.—Farewell, father! (*Both exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Guntram (alone.)—Well, well, they are gone! a favourable accident will throw Estavajel's treasures into my possession—sharing!—old stupid blockhead! you are little acquainted with old Captain Guntram. (*Draws a dagger from his bosom.*) Rob for gold! that was always my method.—Come on! come! although the feet are lamed, the arm has not forgotten its accustomed profession. (*Is going off.*)

SCENE V.

DARBONNAY—GUNTAM.

Darboonnay (enters sneakingly.)—Good evening, my old friend!

Guntram.—Ah, Knight Darboonnay! why so soon?

Darboonnay.—My impatience drove me to you. All is in readiness. Nobody suspects as yet my retreat from the castle—Lasarra's eyes and ears are blind and deaf; and Madam Johanna combats like a lioness for the life of her son.

Guntram.—What, is he still alive? That is bad.

Darboonnay.—Be unconcerned! the moment the marriage is consummated, the boy's blood will flow upon his mother's bridal bed.

Guntram.—What a presumptuous woman! has she consented to the marriage?

Darboonnay.—She will—she must—all is prepared—good nature or force will decide her fate this very night.

Guntram.—So much the better! the more certain is our game.

Darboonnay.—The conveyance is already waiting at the gate, all my men upon the watch—but tell me! who was the young woman I met just now?

Guntram.—It was Hildegard.

Darboonnay.—Hildegard! and where to so late?

Guntram (cunningly.)—To fetch a hidden treasure.

Darboonnay.—Are you joking?

Guntram.—By no means! in the old hermit's cave, 'tis he who conducts her, lays the dying Estavajel.

Darboonnay (astonished).—Estavajel!

Guntram.—What he has saved of jewels he will entrust to me.

Darboonnay.—In the hermit's cave!

Guntram.—Fear nothing! I have proofs and security—before midnight they will return.

Darboonnay.—My good friend! you have been egregiously imposed on.

Guntram.—How?

Darboonnay.—Estavajel is a prisoner at the castle of Belmont.

Guntram.—Prisoner!

Darboonnay.—Perhaps by this time put to death.

Guntram (in a rage.)—Ha! were it possible! I imposed on! cheated by an old hierophant! away knight! be after him!

Darbonnay.—Where to?

Guntram.—Drag them back hither.

Darbonnay.—How do I know which way?

Guntram.—Damnation! can you be conscious of your loss and yet so tardy?

Darbonnay.—Shall I like a fool climb up and down the rocks and mountains, or have you hounds to trace them by the scent?

Guntram.—Away! away! one of my men shall attend you as a guide—he knows the old hermit—he knows the country round about—they cannot be gone a great way—you will certainly overtake them—it is clear that Hildegard was privy to all this—but the ring—the seal—I shall grow mad! O could I instead of my crutches this instant take a sword, and send that old enigmatic rascal to hell.

[*Both exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

(*A wild tract of woodlands; on the left a spacious cave—A ray of the moon shines through an opening from above into the cave, which gives a gloomy light; over the cave is a foot-beaten path, that leads up higher into the mountains, which extend all over the back ground of the stage—On the right side is a thick over-grown covert of trees and brambles; from this side a rattling noise is*

'heard under ground; soon after a sword comes forth out of the earth, which cuts down the briars to the right and left.)

PHILIP—ADALBERT.

Philip's voice (from the bottom.)—Once more we are safe; thorns only and briars block up the passage. *(He becomes half visible.)* Triumph! I see the friendly moon. *(He winds himself quite up.)* Now give me your hand, Knight! lay hold of this stump, there. *(Adalbert climbs up.)*

Philip.—Thanks to heaven! it is accomplished! you are in safety.

Adalbert.—What has happened? Am I really free?

Philip.—Free!

Adalbert.—My chains—

Philip.—Gratitude has dissolved them.

Adalbert.—Where am I?

Philip.—In the arms of friendship.

Adalbert.—Whither shall I go?

Philip.—Love and faith shall lead you through this wilderness.

Adalbert.—Honest youth! I have no words to express my thanks—come to my heart. *(Embraces him.)*

Philip.—Oh, to come near this noble heart was the proud aim of my youth—it is attained!

Adalbert.—Actions like these, God only can reward!

Philip.—I am rewarded! what could I want! knighthood and gold chains of honour! tournament prizes and victory in battle! worldly rewards! fate has meant it better with me; it has made me the Saviour of my benefactor. I thank

thee, God! that being yet so young, thou hast favoured my designs, and hast brought them to an issue, which in my old age will prove the softest pillow of repose.

Adalbert (looks round about.)—Where are we now?

Philip.—At the foot of the mountains—here is a cave, where I often, when a boy, went in for shelter from a storm, here rest a little; I will climb in the mean time quickly to the top, call to the herdsmen, kindle a fire, by which means those at a distance will draw near, collect some of the bravest among them, and bring them hither to you.

Adalbert.—I will go with you.

Philip.—I beg you will stay here, knight. You are not acquainted with the path that leads up to the cliffs; you would only hinder my steps. Each moment is precious: ere day appears we must be before the gates of Granson.

Adalbert.—Then fly hence, my guardian angel!

Philip.—Here you are safe till I return. All the doors through which we passed are locked and bolted: I have the keys. Rest on this mossy bench, which I behold for the first time, and which perhaps some good angel has brought here—repose yourself on it, and gather new strength, of which you are in need.

Adalbert.—And you?

Philip.—I am strengthened by gratitude.

Adalbert.—And I by hope and love.

Philip (much affected by the last word.)—Ah!

Adalbert.—What is the matter?

Philip.—Nothing. Away! away!—(*hastens quickly on the path over the cave, as he gets higher*)

up the hill; strikes from time to time with a dagger against his sword.)—Halloo! halloc! ye friends that dwell here! Up, up! awake! arm yourselves! defend your right and lawful master!—(he disappears at the top of the hills.)

SCENE VII.

Adalbert.—Thus in my misfortune I now perceive how rich I am. What was the service rendered by hired soldiers as long as I was master of Granson? as long as my hand could give, and my power could protect? now, now, the moment is arrived when the master is parted from the men—when the forsaken man alone remains behind—Now must that love pay interest, which my heart in better days gave so willingly to each subject—*(a horn is heard from the top of the mountains)*—Hark! the signal horn sounds upon the mountains—*(another horn at a further distance answers)*—There it is answered at a farther distance—Philip will perform it—my hopes increase!—Philip will perfect it—*(lays down upon the bench)*—Johanna! Otto!—*(pause from the mountains towards the left, a tune is heard at a great distance, after the custom in Switzerland)*—Very well; those watchful shepherds amusing themselves is the most favourable incident that could happen—Welcome sweet sounds of my native country, chase and disperse the fears and sorrows for a wife and child, and convey its soft notes to bring tranquillity to my breast.—Johanna! Otto—*(he begins to slumber; the tune continues for a little while, and diminishes by degrees.)*

SCENE VIII.

ADALBERT *slumbering*—HERMIT—HILDEGARD.

Hermit.—God was with us! You are free. Here is my cave.

Hildegard (kneels down, and kisses his hands.)—Confess to me thou art not mortal man; thou art a good angel, that assumed this shape to save me.

Hermit.—I am a mortal.

Hildegard.—No, no! thou desirest only not to frighten me by thy glory; but methinks I see a superhuman light around thy head. Thou art a saint; discover thyself to a grateful maid.

Hermit.—Enthusiasm, rise up! I am a poor being! If my eyes shine with more than human brilliancy, then it is but for the joy I feel in this, the happiest moment of my life.

Hildegard.—Art thou surely mortal? Ah! I tremble still, how were it possible that a being less than immortal could have overcome my father's mistrust?

Hermit.—All shall be explained in due time, for the present, follow me into my cave: the great fatigue and anxiety you have undergone has tired you.—Come, rest yourself, that you may gather fresh strength before the dawn of day; we must proceed further, for even here we are not safe.

Hildegard.—I will follow thee when and where thou wilt; promise only never to renounce me as thy daughter, thy servant, that

thankful creature for thy greatness of mind. When thou art worn down by weakness and old age, grown helpless and blind, then will I guide and support thee, will disguise myself in boy's clothes, attend to thy sickness by night, and work for food by day.

Hermit (with great affection presses her to his breast.)—God! I am a father again!—Come, my child, and by thy kind affection make this cave a palace—*(he leads her in, and beholds Adalbert.)*
—Ha! what is that? a stranger?

Hildegard (trembling.)—A pursuer!

Hermit.—No, no; a stranger probably that has lost his way: it seldom happens that any one enters this wilderness.

Hildegard (looks strictly at him.)—Good God, it is our knight!

Hermit.—Who?

Hildegard.—Estavajel.

Adalbert (awaking.)—Who calls me? Where am I? Who are you?

Hermit (quite amazed.)—Thou art Estavajel?

Adalbert.—Thou knowest me.

Hildegard.—Pardon me, knight! Your sight surprized me, unawares I called you by your name; yet here you have nothing to fear; the inhabiter of this cave is this venerable old man.

Adalbert.—What is his name? and who are you?

Hildegard.—A young girl, that at your castle has often been witness to your happiness.—*Hildegard.*

Adalbert.—Hildegard! Is it you, and your father?

Hildegard.—This now my father!—Ah! Guntram wanted to sell me—expose me to shame—I have fled—you will not betray me.

Adalbert.—I—a fugitive myself, who has with difficulty escaped death.

Hildegard.—Speak!—has my Philip saved you?

Adalbert.—Philip, yes!

Hildegard.—That good dear man! where is he?—Ah, noble knight, do you also know what sacrifice he has made to gratitude?

Adalbert.—Sure enough! his father's anger—his own life in danger.

Hildegard.—More! a great deal more!

Adalbert.—What more?

Hildegard.—He loves me! He knew that he would lose me if he did not hasten before midnight to my assistance—he knew that, and saved you.

Adalbert (*much moved.*)—That he did, and was silent.

Hildegard.—Consider with what his heart had to struggle.

Adalbert.—O Philip! Philip! now I comprehend thy sigh—great noble youth!

Hildegard.—But why has he left you?

Adalbert.—He will soon be here again.

Hildegard (*with extasy of joy.*)—Here! my Philip come here!

Adalbert.—And will find unexpectedly the reward due to his exalted virtue.—God! thou art just and merciful!

Hermit (*recovered from his great surprise.*)—God, thou art just and merciful!

Adalbert.—Who are you, old man?

Hermit.—I! who am I! Desire not to know that.

Adalbert.—Why not?

Hermit.—You have suffered much, and yet stand firm upon your feet; were I to utter one word, you would sink down before me.

Adalbert.—What do you mean? Resolve your words.

Hermit.—Ha! be it so! why should I keep silent any longer, to protract a life worn away by grief and misery. (*Solemn.*) God! thou art just and merciful! thou hast suffered me to outlive an important hour, the hour of vengeance! Here stands the man whose father made me childless—here he stands unarmed—I am not—(*Draws forth a dagger*)—and I forgive him. (*Puts the dagger up again.*)

Adalbert.—Speak! who art thou?

Hermit.—I am the old Baron of Granson.

Adalbert.—Great God! (*Sinks down on the bench.*)

Hermit.—Thus I sunk to the ground, when the death of my son was announced to me—I awoke to live a long and melancholy life! my son awoke not! young man, thou thinkest thyself miserable, and thou hast still wife and child—I have no one—thou darest yet hope to rescue them from the robber's hands—mine, alas! are in the power of death! I have no hope left but in the grave.

Adalbert.—Forbear! you wound me to the heart.

Hermit.—All! all! thy father has robbed me of! Children, honour, and wealth! God has placed thee in my power—and I forgive thee.

Adalbert.—I am innocent.

Hermit.—The same was I.

Adalbert.—Three days only have elapsed since old Thurn, at Gestelenberg, confessed it to me in

his dying moments, since which time my conscience has been burdened with the thought of unlawful possession; yet a sacred vow gave me a faint consolation that should I succeed in gaining information, either of yourself or daughter, I might restore every thing.

Hermit.—My daughter! Ah!

Adalbert.—I am going to fight Lasarra, to rescue a captive wife, and to restore Granston to thee and thy daughter! Where is she? Is she alive?

Hermit.—Dead!

Adalbert.—O pity! pity! what then can I restore to thee?

Hermit.—I ask nothing of you but protection for her, (*pointing at Hildegard*) and for myself, a quiet corner in which I may die.

Adalbert.—Unfortunate man! why did you not sooner place confidence in me?

Hermit.—Dejected and forsaken I had dropt tears for many years on strange ground, till I heard of your father's death; then glimmered again a spark of love for my native country, which in a good man's breast is never extinguished. Undiscernible through age, sorrow, and this garment, I ventured once more into Switzerland. No ambition, no hope, possessed my wretched mind; death only was my aim. Here I wished to die, here in these regions, that in solitude I might retrace the happy days of my youth; here, that I might bathe with my tears the spot on which my last child was murdered.

Adalbert.—Your child murdered!

Hildegard.—Your only child!

Hermit.—I one day passed with my Isabella and an old trusty servant along the sea side; we

were surprised and overpowered by robbers—I was struck to the ground, and was left for dead—Ah! why did I awake!—when I recovered from the swoon the blow had occasioned, in sad affliction and covered with blood, I beheld my honest servant slain by my side.

Adalbert.—And your daughter?

Hermit.—I found nothing of her, but a garment stained with blood. (*Produces it.*) Here it is; that is all that remains to me of my children.

Hildegard (weeping and caressing him).—Poor, poor old man—

Hermit.—Poor, poor old man! my tears have almost washed away the blood—look how pale the spots are—I am cautious now to cry no more upon it—besides, I have but few tears left.

Adalbert.—But Isabella's corpse?

Hermit.—Whether the robbers took it away, or whether it was thrown into the sea, I know not: in vain have I for days searched after it; in vain with my nails have I turned up each little sandhill in hopes to find it, that I might bury, and withdraw it from the wolves! alas! even this small comfort was denied me.

Hildegard (with affection takes his hand.)—You have gained a daughter, who from this very day calls you father.

Adalbert (takes his other hand.)—And also a son—

Hermit (bends over both, and with doleful voice cries)—My children!

SCENE IX.

Darboonnay, with some armed men, comes rushing down the hill above the cave; in coming along,

Darboonnay.—I heard some voices.

One of the Men.—Yonder below is his cave.

Darboonnay.—Follow me.

Hildegard.—What a furious noise!

Adalbert.—Perhaps it is Philip.

Darboonnay.—Right! there she is—seize her and away!

Hermit.—God! what is that?

Hildegard.—Lord, shew thy mercy!

Adalbert (steps boldly forwards.)—Keep back, ye villains.

Darboonnay.—Keep back yourself, impertinent stranger! remain quiet! no harm is meant to any one.—Away with her!—*(the men drag Hildegard off.)*

Hildegard.—Philip! Philip!

Hermit (follows.)—My daughter!

Darboonnay (pushes him back; he falls.)—Be gone, thou old grey-headed rogue. *[Exit.*

Adalbert.—O, why have I not a sword!

Hermit (leaning against Adalbert.)—I a poor old man!

Hildegard (at a distance.)—Philip! Philip!

SCENE X.

(Philip, at the head of armed herdsmen and others, comes down from the mountains. The herdsmen carry lanterns, battle-axes, and clubs.)

*Philip (still upon the hill.)—*What voice strikes my ear?—*(stops a moment, and listens.)*

*Hildegard (at a distance.)—*Philip! Philip!

*Philip.—*Hildegard! for God's sake follow me, brethren!

*Adalbert (comes out of the cave.)—*Hasten down, Philip! quick! quick! thy Hildegard! a robber!

*Philip (in despair.)—*Where? where?

*Hildegard (at a distance.)—*Philip! Philip!
(Philip comes running forward, passes by the cave, and follows the sound of Hildegard's voice; all follow. Adalbert snatches a club from one of the herdsmen's hands, and follows also.)

SCENE XI.

*Hermit.—*Oh! I can do nothing but pray!
(Throws himself down on the mossy bench, and perceives suddenly the little ebony box which Hildegard had put there.) Ha! what is that? Do my senses deceive me? *(Takes it up trembling.)* Is not this the same box I had with me in my flight, which contained my bonds and writings? *(Opens it.)* Yes, O God! it is! but empty. Hil-

degard carried it—how came it into Guntram's possession?—what lightning will illuminate this dark mystery? (*A rustling and clashing noise is heard behind the scenes.*)

SCENE XII.

(**ADALBERT, PHILIP, HILDEGARD, DARBONNAY, HERMIT, Herdsmen and Prisoners.**)

Adalbert (in his right hand a club, in his left arm carries the fainting Hildegard, puts her gently down on the mossy bench.)—Triumph! Hildegard is saved!

Hermit.—May God reward you for it!

Philip (drags the disarmed Darbonnay upon the stage, and points the sword at his breast.)—Confess this instant who thou art!

Darbonnay.—My name is Darbonnay, of a noble family, a knight, and beg to be treated as such.

Philip.—Thou a knight, and guilty of such villany!

Darbonnay.—No villany—the girl is honestly promised to me by Guntram, her foster-father.

Philip and Hermit.—Foster-father!

Darbonnay.—Give me the girl, and let me depart in peace to Savoy—it will not be to your disadvantage; for you must know she is not Guntram's daughter.

All (with the greatest astonishment.)—Not Guntram's daughter!

Darbonnay.—Isabella, heiress of Granson.

All.—Ha!

Hildegard (rises up.)—What do I hear?

Hermit (exceedingly agitated.)—Messenger of heaven, what sayest thou? Speak once more! how didst thou call her?

Darbonnay.—Isabella, heiress of Granson.

Hermit (falls down on his knees.)—Angel of God!

Darbonnay.—Her father was slain near the lake by Guntram's band of robbers; the child Guntram took home, and adopted it as his daughter.

Hermit.—I worship thee in the dust.

Darbonnay.—Is the old man right in his senses?

Philip.—What is that?

Adalbert.—He is Granson!

Philip and Darbonnay.—What?

Hermit.—Not Granson! father am I! I am again father! help me! help me up!

Philip.—Is it a dream?

Darbonnay (knocks himself on the forehead.)—All is lost!

Adalbert (who in the meantime has led the weak Hildegard into the Hermit's arms.)—Thus I pay a part of my father's debts.

Hermit.—Daughter!

Hildegard.—Our hearts know each other.
(Embraces him speechless.)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

A Room in Granson Castle.

SCENE I.

LASARRA—ROMNALD.

Lasarra.—Darbonnay gone without taking leave?

Romnald.—Gone.

Lasarra.—And left none of his men in the castle?

Romnald.—None, they have privately sneaked away, one after the other.

Lasarra.—Singular! but never mind, we will think more of it another time—now call the lady Johanna—she must make her appearance directly.

(Romnald exit.)

SCENE II.

Lasarra.—Let us see whether fear can subdue a mother's heart; it often happens that women only start objections by which they may more discreetly surrender; and who dare accuse, if for the life of a child the heroine gives way to the mother.

SCENE III.

JOHANNA—LASARRA.

(Johanna, her hair loose, in a widow's dress, with a girdle of cord, walks slowly.)

Lasarra.—What is that? What dress? What do you mean?

Johanna.—This dress is suitable to the affliction of a widow.

Lasarra.—I expected to meet you in a wedding suit.

Johanna.—Then shall I celebrate the nuptials with death.

Lasarra.—You have deceived yourself—you wished to conceal your charms from me, yet even in this mourning dress you are handsomer than ever.

Johanna.—I endure every affront.

Lasarra.—Your looking-glass will vouch the truth.

Johanna.—Spare the ear of a deeply afflicted wife and mother.—Were it possible that these wasted cheeks could still intice your senses, with my nails would I disfigure them.—Now speak—you have sent for me—for what?

Lasarra.—Do you still ask? The hour of respite is past.

Johanna.—My anguish knows no hour.

Lasarra.—For the last time, Johanna! although deaf to love, yet listen to reason.

Johanna.—I only hear the dying agonies of my husband.

Lasarra.—Your woful lamentation will not release him from his grave.

Johanna.—But will carry me thither.

Lasarra.—What's past is gone! let the dead rest! think of the living, think of your son!

Johanna.—I have made a great sacrifice for my son—in being yet alive.

Lasarra.—And the flowers of joy, which seemed to wither for a moment, refreshed by love, now blow much finer. Come, Johanna! away with this mourning dress! adorn yourself! follow me to the altar—every thing is prepared.

Johanna.—You see I am worn down by sorrow, and still can jest.

Lasarra.—The mitigating hand of time—

Johanna.—Time rules all—yet not real love.

Lasarra.—You see how moderately I proceed—Will you deny me every consolation?—not even afford me a distant ray of hope?

Johanna.—No.

Lasarra.—You are immutably resolved never to be mine?

Johanna.—Never.

Lasarra.—Well then, I cannot be reproached if I oppose this stubbornness with the force of power.

Johanna.—I scorn your power.

Lasarra.—Even if the life of your child depended on this moment?

Johanna.—Even then.

Lasarra.—I vow to you, the boy dies in this hour.

Johanna.—He die! then am I no longer bound to this world—he die! then rests all that I love

beyond the grave—then strikes the hour of our reunion.

Lasarra.—Mother! thou hast pronounced sentence on thine own child.

Johanna.—And on myself also.

Lasarra.—Let's see if nothing can subdue this heroic spirit. Here, Romnald! (*Gives him a wink. Romnald goes off. Johanna begins to be very unquiet.*)

Lasarra.—Pity for the sprightly gold locked boy! he might have grown up to become a brave knight.

Johanna (sore afflicted.)—He will be more—he will become an angel of God!

Lasarra.—I should have loved him, educated him as my own son. (*Romnald returns with an executioner.*)

Johanna.—Who is that?

Lasarra.—Can you ask? (*To Romnald.*) Go and fetch the boy.

Johanna (with great inquietude.)—My Otto! He sleeps—

Lasarra.—He shall wake, soon to sleep again—go! (*Romnald goes.*)

Johanna.—What? Couldst thou so wantonly torture a mother as to make her the witness of her child's murder?

Lasarra.—You will have it so.

Johanna.—No! it is impossible! so has a wretch cannot be the image of God! Art thou an imp of hell? then cast off the human mask! no! it is not possible! thou wilt only try to confound my senses.

Lasarra.—Why dost thou rant? Why tremble? Is not the child's life in thy power?

SCENE IV.

(Enter OTTO—ROMNARD.)

Otto.—Mother! I slept so fast.

Johanna (*closes him trembling in her arms.*)—
Come! come! in my arms thou shalt go to sleep
again, and I with thee.

Lasarra.—Johanna! as yet there is time!

Johanna (*in fearful anguish.*)—Otto! thy father
is dead! soon will thy mother also die! wilt thou
alone remain with this man?

Otto.—No, mother, with thee!

Johanna.—In death?

Otto.—With thee!

Johanna.—Canst thou die?

Otto.—Let me not be taken from thy lap.

Johanna (*presses him closely to her breast.*)—
Come on executioner! now murder us both!

Lasarra.—Not so—tear him away from her!
(*The men do so.*)

Otto (*starts and shrinks on his mother.*)—O mo-
ther! look!

Johanna (*in agony of death.*)—Fear nothing,
my son! hearest thou not? It thunders—yes, it
thunders! now a flash of lightning—God! God
is near us! fear nothing; such outrage the Al-
mighty won't endure! No! no! it thunders—it
will lighten! it must lighten!

Lasarra.—Johanna! recollect thyself! no
wonder will save the boy—thou only—speak one
word!

Johanna.—Death to me and the child!

Lasarra (in a rage.)—Death! well! thy wish be granted—tear the boy away from her! (*They obey.*)

Johanna (strives with maternal anxiety to defend him.)—No! no! God! mercy! help! help! (*They tear Otto away by force.*)

Johanna (falls senseless on the ground, tears her hair.)—Stay!

Otto.—Mother! mother!

Johanna.—I—stay—I will—God! Adalbert! I must—stay—(*With a faltering voice.*) *Lasarra!* I follow thee to the altar!

Lasarra.—At last! (*Helps her up.*) Recover thyself! rise up, fear nothing!

Johanna (looks about, and with a faint voice.)—Away—away these frightful beings!

Lasarra.—Let loose the boy, and be gone! (*They obey and go off.*) It grieves me, that you braved me on so far. Yet forget what's past, and henceforth be serene—now follow me!

Otto.—Mother! dare I stay with you?

Johanna.—You dare—

Otto.—And shall we live?

Johanna.—You shall live—pardon, Adalbert! the affectionate wife was strong—the mother was too weak—you, my son, shall live.

Lasarra.—Come, dear, all is ready!

Johanna.—I come! (*Very weak.*)

SCENE V.

(RUPERT, ROMNOLD, and ULLO.)

Ullo.—Sir, the castle is surrounded.*Lasarra.*—By whom?*Ullo.*—By peasants, herdsmen, and others, all armed with battle-axes and clubs—the number increases every moment, as if they grew out of the earth.*Lasarra.*—Dregs and vermin!*Ullo.*—Yet I perceived by their torches that they were led on by knights.*Lasarra.*—What do they want?*Ullo.*—They storm and rage at you—call for Johanna of Montfaucon.*Lasarra.*—Well! they may congratulate us on our nuptials. (*Offers Johanna his hand to go.*)*Rupert* (*comes running in.*)—Noble master! matters become serious, and must be regarded.*Lasarra* (*in a passion.*)—Ye faint-hearted knaves, have you conspired against me?*Rupert.*—They sling stones into the castle as if it hailed.*Lasarra.*—Then gather them up, and sling them back again. Keep all quiet within—the castle is well secured—let those without rage and storm. We shall pitch our camp meanwhile at the wedding feast.*Romnald* (*hastening in.*)—Sir! it is high time that you should take your sword.*Lasarra.*—To-morrow will be time enough.

Romnald.—To-morrow perhaps it would be too late. From all sides they are preparing for a general assault.

Lasarra.—Are you all become cowards? Have you no hands wherewith to defend yourselves? Are there no stones, no pieces of rocks, no boiling pitch to pour down upon them?

Romnald.—Since the knight Darbonnay with his men has left us, our number is not sufficient to defend the castle.

Lasarra.—Damnation!

Romnald.—My advice, noble knight, would be to sally forth upon the besiegers—they are but badly weaponed, we will break in upon them with our swords, and disperse them like a flock of birds.

Lasarra (after having bethought himself.)—Thou art right—my sword—my armour—arm yourselves. (*Rupert, Romnald, Ullo, go off.*) Pardon me, lovely Johanna! once more I must combat before I can possess you; probably for the last time; then shall I rest peaceably in your arms, and wind round my sword the roses of love. Ha! the morning dawns already, away! away hence! (*Exeunt.*)

Otto.—Mother! let me go out to the people who love us; I will assist them.

Johanna.—Thou!

Otto.—I can throw, I can hit birds upon the trees; Philip has taught me that.

Johanna.—And would you leave me?

Otto.—No, never.

Johanna.—You are a dear purchase! stay! we can only pray! we will pray! (*Sinks upon her knees.*)

SCENE VI.

(Enter WOLF. Walk and speech discover him wounded.)

Otto (*jumps and skips to meet him.*)—Wolf! my Wolf! are you still alive?

Johanna (*rises*)—Wolf! are you a ghost? Matilda told me——

Wolf.—Yes, noble lady, I was supposed dead—the loss of blood—an honest lad had mercy on me, bound up my wounds, and nursed me privately. More another time, the present moments are precious.

Johanna.—Ah, Wolf! my husband! your good master!

Wolf.—I know it, he is below.

Johanna.—Where? where?

Wolf.—He stormed the castle.

Johanna.—Adalbert!

Wolf.—And Squire Philip.

Johanna.—My husband not dead!

Wolf.—Who told you that he was?

Johanna.—Lasarra.

Wolf.—A lie.

Johanna (*overcome, her joy borders on madness. She will kiss Wolf's hand.*)

Wolf (*draws back his hand.*)—Noble lady! what would you do?

Johanna (*presses her son to her bosom, and with a stifled voice speaks.*)—Thy father lives!

Wolf.—I myself have heard his voice.

Otto.—O mother; dear mother, I am so glad.

Johanna (falls on her knees, and lifts her hands to Heaven.)—Oh, Heaven! Heaven!

Wolf.—Recover yourself, pluck up your spirit—I am wounded—cannot fight—but you can assist to help and conquer.

Johanna (jumps up.)—I! how?

Wolf.—Our brave men that were made prisoners, and shut up in the castle towers—in the tumult their watchers left them.—I seized the keys that were hung up, unlocked the doors, and set them free—they are as yet dismayed for want of a leader, but if you appear it will encourage and animate their spirits; they will fly to arms, and recoil upon the enemy before they are aware.

Johanna.—I thank you honest Wolf!—yes, I will, will go and lead them on! while I am gone do you take care of Otto.—Adalbert! God, how could I one moment despair of thy justice! (*Hastens off.*)

Wolf.—Come, squire! you shall assist me to get upon the wall; though fight we cannot, yet cry out we will, that God and your father shall hear us. [*Exit with Otto.*]

SCENE VII.

(*A plain.—The sun rises.—In the back ground is seen Granson Castle, the gates, and the draw-bridge, but not leading upon the stage.*)

HERMIT—HILDEGARD. A number of armed Men, Peasants, Herdsmen, and others.

Hildegard (kneels by the side of her father, leaning her head on his lap.)—We should be quiet, Philip said. The tumult will hardly press

hither. These brave men he left to protect and defend us. From yonder cliffs, where the water rushes on, there they will storm.

Hermit.—Oh! I know the place well; although I have not been near the gates these eighteen years, yet I remember all, miss each tree that is either become decayed, or has been cut down. It is a strange situation to return to one's own country with a sore afflicted heart, to find things wholly changed; the old stones still defy time, although the good hearts which dwelt within them are mouldered.

Hildegard.—Was I not born in this castle? Oh, father! behind these old walls shall my love plant young roses.

Hermit.—You see the tops of the limes which lean over the walls from the inner court; I planted them myself—Shall I once more rest in their shade?

Hildegard.—Surely! God fights your just cause.

Hermit.—Hark! the bridge creaks!—What is that?—*(to the men.)*—Good people, be upon your guard—*(the castle gate opens; the bridge is let down; Lasarra, with his men, hasten over it, and disappear behind the scenes. Hermit continues.)*—Ha! the rash fellow ventures a sally.

Hildegard.—And hastens himself, perhaps, the moment of vengeance.

Hermit.—Should he surprize Adalbert—our friends fall on their rear.

Hildegard.—Then will hundreds place their faithful breasts to defend him. I trust less to the number that streams down from the mountains, than to the spirit that leads them.

Hermit.—There is surely great difference in fighting for a good master, for a father of his

people, from that of defending robbers, whose aim is merely to pillage and plunder.

Hildegard.—Hush! there are more!

Johanna (in a bright glittering armour, with a drawn sword, and covered visor, hastens over the bridge; after her *Estavajel's* men, set free by old *Wolf*.)

Hermit.—Is it a dream? I felt just now as if I had seen my son.

Hildegard.—And I, as if I had seen *Estavajel's* colours fly.

Hermit.—Thus he looked, when for me he went to the ground of combat!—thus he went boldly and proudly to die for me!

Hildegard.—Away with the mournful picture! his heroic spirit moves over us.

Hermit.—Each object on this frightful morning awakens the remembrance of many years sufferings.—Look how red is the rising sun! so terrible was its glittering also on that day, when with thee upon my arm I left my fatherly inheritance, and when *Guntram's* band of robbers robbed me of thee.

Hildegard.—However gloomy the sun's appearance, no one should for that despair! Ere evening, its course may change, the heavens brighten, and the sun set serene.—Ha! I see *Philip*!—Father! your evening will be cloudless.

SCENE VIII.

Hildegard.—*Philip*! what good news bring you?

Philip (almost breathless.)—We have been attacked in flank, our men retreated; yet, but for

a moment. Now they stand like walls, and fight.

Hermit.—And you?

Philip.—I have broken my sword, a stone has split my shield, and lamed my right arm—(to one of the Peasants)—Good friend! lend me your battle-axe, your sword is enough—(the Peasant gives the axe, which Philip takes with his left hand.)—I must beg of you, father, to retire yonder behind that cliff; I must take these men with me; the combat becomes desperate; we must use all our strength.

Hildegard.—Philip! would you venture again, wounded as you are?

Philip.—Have I but one arm?—Away! away! from gratitude I have fought with my right hand; I now go to fight with my left, to obtain forgiveness for my unfortunate father.—Come on, brave friends, follow me!—(hastening off, the armed men follow him.)

Hildegard.—God! without shield! without sword! and but the use of one arm!—Philip! Philip!

Hermit.—Let us quickly follow his advice. The noise draws nearer—we are no longer safe here.—Come, come! we'll go as he directed, and there wait the issue—(hurries her off.)

Hildegard.—Philip! Philip!—(both go off.)

SCENE IX.

(At the foot of the mount (upon the top of which the Castle of Granson stands) appear different divisions, all fighting in parts between the cliffs—the cliffs are so placed, that those who fight are concealed from time to time—Upon the drawbridge Estavajel's men are seen fighting—

they retreat, and advance again, then disappear—In the same manner are the peasants, &c. &c. on the foot of the mountains, repulsed, till Philip surprizes Lasarra's troopers in the flank, by which means the battle takes a fortunate turn—While all this is passing in the back ground, and horns and other martial instruments of those times sound between, in the fore ground Adalbert and Lasarra come on fighting; they fight furiously for some time with equal advantage, till at last Adalbert falls backwards over a stone, of this accident Lasarra avails himself, throws himself down upon him, tears away the weapon, and flings it aside, putting his sword to Adalbert's throat.)

Lasarra.—Now shall you not escape my vengeance.

(Johanna comes running with a loud shriek, takes her sword with both hands, and strikes with all her strength at Lasarra's head; his helmet is split in two, and falls down on each side. A bloody wound on his head becomes visible.)

Lasarra (staggering, rises up.)—Ha!

(Johanna, almost exhausted, can hardly support herself, leans upon her sword, and pants for breath—Lasarra aims once more with his sword at Johanna, but is too much stunned, begins to stagger backwards, and sinks exhausted on the cliffs.)

*Adalbert (in the mean while raises himself up.)
—Who art thou, noble stranger! angel that preserved my life!*

(Johanna holds out her hand to him, and points strengthless at her helmet string.)

Adalbert.—Shall I lift off thy helmet?

(Johanna consents to it by a sign.)

Adalbert (unties the string, and takes the helmet off.)—God! Johanna!—(sinks down at her feet.)

(Johanna would speak, but cannot, and looks down upon him with ineffable love.)

Lasarra (dying.)—Damnation! hell is conspiring against me! [He dies.

SCENE X.

*Philip (cheerfully hastens in.)—It is finished—
—we conquer every where.—Ha! what do I see?*

Adalbert.—My wife! my faithful wife!—(embracing her knee.)

Johanna (lifts him up.)—This is ecstasy! I cannot speak.

Philip.—Come near! come all ye that like to enjoy good! Come near, ye that have voices—Come all, and join with us in giving thanks to God!—(From all sides, Peasants, Shepherds, Herdsmen, rush forth from the mountains; between them, the prisoners bound—Montenach, Guntram and Darbonnay.)

Hildegard (in Philip's arms.)—Philip! you live.

Hermit.—Through God, and faithful love.

Philip.—Now, Hildegard, kneel with me in the dust! to implore mercy for my father!—(both kneel down before Adalbert.)

Adalbert.—Should I be human, if in this moment I could punish.

Wolf (on the castle wall, holds up Otto on high.)

Otto.—Father! mother!

Johanna and Adalbert (turn round, and stretch out their arms towards him.)—Our Otto!

THE END.